THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXIV.—No. 959

APRIL 19, 1922

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"A STRING OF PEARLS"—Striking Short Story

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ALMAGAM
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3,000 miles guaranteed for the new grooved treads we fit to your old cover
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CHAMPAGNE
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Reduced Price 1/11 per yard
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The Beautiful Lawn for Beautiful Lingerie
A Shade for every Mood
In 25 Shades
42 Inches Wide
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Use this valuable antiseptic salve, and nature will heal quickly.
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PROMENADE TURN SHOE
Model 2958.
In Patent, Nigger, or Grey Gazelle.

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P.20

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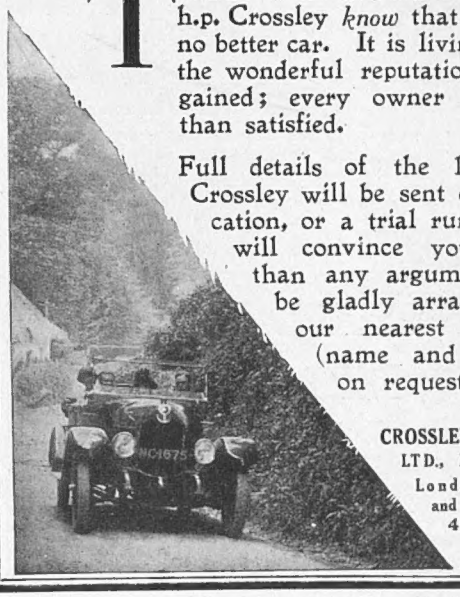
Full details of the 19·6 h.p. Crossley will be sent on application, or a trial run, which will convince you better than any argument, will be gladly arranged by our nearest Agent (name and address on request).



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IN our Children's Jersey Department we have now in stock a wonderful variety of Boys' and Girls' Knitted Coats and Frocks in wool and artificial silk, all of which are made by our own workers from reliable quality yarn.

Children's Hand-knitted **SHETLAND WOOL SUITS.** Light in weight and warm, with square neck buttoned on shoulder. Neck, cuffs and border of contrasting colour. In White/Sky, White/Mauve, White / Yellow, Grey / White, Sky / White, Champagne / Sky, Yellow / White.

In three sizes, for 1, 2 and 3 years.

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PURE SILK MILANESE UNDERWEAR

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PURE SILK MILANESE VEST (as sketch) perfect fitting, medium size, full length, opera top, daintily embroidered in an Ivy leaf design. In White, Pink, Mauve, Black, Sky and Lemon.

SPECIAL PRICE

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PURE SILK MILANESE KNICKERS to match, new wide shape, **19/6**

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Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

Smart and Distinctive KNITTED SUITS

Wool Stockinette Suit (as sketch) made exclusively for Harvey Nichols. This is an entirely new material made of softest wool with faint stripe of artificial silk, very smart suit suitable for town or country wear. Made in this season's most fashionable colours.

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12 Gns.

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Travel by "The Comfort Route"!
SAILINGS:
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This remarkable new invention is indeed a revelation to the Deaf — with it they can hear and enjoy the whole world of sound.

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The Business Man's Choice

Studying both economy and comfort, Mr. Smart, like many other City men, has Phillips 'PRESIDENT' light rubber soles fitted to his shoes. Though *invisible in wear* 'PRESIDENTS' make shoes enduring and weather-resisting.

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'PRESIDENT' Soles per pair	
Men's	3/-
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In making use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

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THE GRAPHIC

April 22, 1922.

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TRADE MARK REGISTERED

"The Aristocrat of Wash Cloths"

IDEAL FOR THE TOILET

Each individual loop is tied and cannot ravel. This advantage is achieved by the patent Turknit Knitting Machine. No other machines exist except those in our Factories.

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Will not curl at the edges, they absorb water more freely, and dry quicker than any other material, and always remain fresh and sweet

A variety of Sizes & Styles

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The Little Sanitary Towel

ROUGH on one side
SMOOTH on the other

OBTAINABLE FROM:-
HABERDASHERS & DRUG STORES

A cloth with the Turknit tab gives treble the service of any other.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

PURE SILK MILANESE PETTICOATS OF EXCLUSIVE DESIGN

This petticoat is made of pure Silk Milanese and has been designed and made expressly for Harvey Nichols for wearing under the long waisted frock and is a most essential garment for present day fashions. Can be had in Ivory, Pink, Sky, Mauve, Primrose, Coffee, Nut Brown, Nigger, Silver, Grey, Covert, Navy, Mole, Black. Excellent value.

PRICE **29/6**

The garment illustrated will be found in our Lingerie Salon on the 1st floor.

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Artificial Silk for Knitting and Crocheting, very bright and lustrous, and of excellent quality. Black, White, and a large assortment of colours
4/6 a hank of 4 ozs.

Artificial Silk, Crepe finish, for Knitting or Crocheting, in a variety of seasonable shades, Black, White and colours.
5/11 a hank of 4 ozs.

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CRÊPE DE CHINE
BLOUSES

This practical and becoming Blouse is adapted from one of the newest Paris models, and is made by our own workers from rich quality crêpe de Chine, and is specially suitable for wearing with Tailored Suits.

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PRICE
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In outsize, **32/6**

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COAT-FROCKS

Coat-Frocks are more popular than ever to-day. Every woman who makes the slightest pretence to being well-dressed is only content when her wardrobe includes one or more of these delightfully serviceable garments.

From 6 Gns.

NICOLL'S are showing an extensive variety of models, in Serge, Tricotine, Hopsack, Crêpe Marocan and other choice fabrics.

Each model is a charming expression of the fashion of to-day, perfectly tailored in NICOLL'S own workshops.

"BERGERE,"

This exquisite Crêpe Marocan model cleverly contrives to combine straight lines with soft draperies. The front is decorated with a wide panel of pin tucks edged Ciré braid. This trimming is also introduced on the two box pleats at the back, and on the wide mandarin sleeves. To order or ready-to-wear. **15 Gns.**

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Pond's (the Original) Vanishing Cream protects your skin during the daytime—it vanishes instantly without trace of use save a faint, delicious odour of Jacqueminot Roses. Apply it at every opportunity during the day. Pond's Cold Cream cleanses the skin at night and prevents the formation of lines and wrinkles. Apply it before retiring to rest. Start using these two creams to-day and guard your skin and complexion from the ill-effects of sun, wind and rain.

CAUTION

Some face creams encourage the growth of hair. You are safe with Pond's Creams, which never promote the growth of hair.

"TO SOOTHE & SMOOTH YOUR SKIN."

Both Creams of all Chemists and Stores in handsome Opal Jars, 1/7 and 2/6, also Collapsible Tubes, 7½d. (handbag size—Vanishing Cream only) and 1/-.

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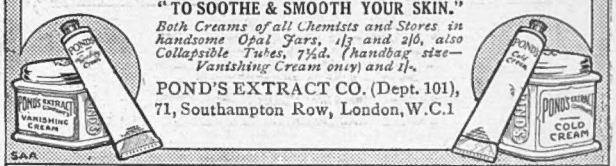

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"ONLY the blade can give the shave," but Colgate's Shaving Stick gives the finest blade a lift.

Try it and see

PRICE
1/3
Everywhere

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FREE TRIAL COUPON

Send this Coupon with your name and address, and enclose 2d. stamp, to Colgate & Co., as under, and you will receive a generous trial box of Shaving Stick free.

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JUMPERS

THE value of these Jumpers is quite exceptional, made from a good quality crepe de Chine by our own workers, and follows the latest trend of fashion as expressed in the newest Paris Models.

Catalogue Post Free.

NEW SHORT JUMPER cut on very attractive lines, made in heavy crepe de Chine. Collar, vest and border is of hand-crochet silk in shell design.

PRICE
49/6
Outsize **3/-** extra.

In Ivory, Lemon, Champagne, Nigger, Sand, Black, and Navy.

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LIMITED
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W

Sent on approval.

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SCOTCH WHISKY

"For the man who knows the difference!"

J & G STEWART LTD
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EDINBURGH
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Established 1779

The Condor
(Adaptable)
TYROLEAN VELOUR

Produced in all the leading shades in 2 Qualities.

Ask to see a range!

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Produced by—
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Sold by—
Leading Milliners the World Over.
For address of Nearest Retailer
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of Knightsbridge

EXCLUSIVE DESIGN IN
PURE SILK MILANESE PETTICOATS

Hosiery Dept. Ground Floor.

A charming Princess Petticoat of pure Silk Milanese. A perfect fitting and most useful garment having the new long waist. Skirt finished dainty hemstitched petal design, with petal frills at sides. In Black, White, Pink, Mauve, Lemon, Jade, Rust, Putty, Tango, Nigger and Brown.

39/6
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CORSETS

Our Corset Department offers quite exceptional advantages to customers. It is under the control of a clever corsetière, who personally designs every pair of corsets offered for sale. The result is that ladies are able to buy inexpensive corsets made upon the most scientific principles from thoroughly reliable materials. We have a wonderful stock of lace, broderie anglaise, silk tricot and ribbon Corselets. We are also specialists in Children's Corsets, Riding Corsets, as well as for all kinds of sport.

LE CORSET JEANNE (as sketch) made of brocaded batiste, very low at bust, medium length over hips, buttoning each side of front; two pairs of suspenders.

PRICE **45/6**

CORSELET (as sketch) made of Irish Crochet lace and insertion, lined with fine net, finished ribbon shoulder straps.

PRICE **38/6**

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Debenham & Freebody
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Wigmore Street, London, W.

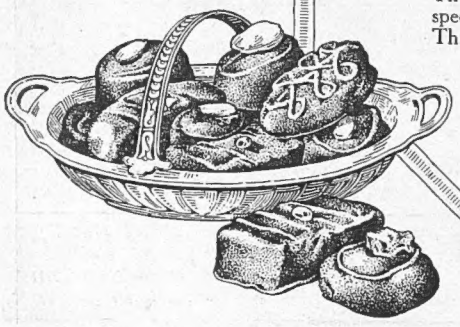
Maison Lyons Chocolates

MAISON LYONS CHOCOLATES ARE SOLD BY MOST HIGH-CLASS CONFECTIONERS, THEATRES, AND CINEMAS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

THE connoisseur unhesitatingly gives Maison Lyons Chocolates pride of place. They have secured their favour with the lover of really good chocolates by the velvety smoothness of their coverings, the attractive variety of their centres and the daintiness of their decorations. They are sold in the salons at the Maison Lyons, 370, Oxford Street; the Corner House, Coventry Street; the Strand Corner House, and the Maison Lyons, Shaftesbury Avenue and Regent Street. 4/- lb.

The "RED SEAL" Series — a new assortment of specially selected chocolates in daintily ribboned boxes. Three series—assorted, hard centres, soft centres.
Large Box, 5/-; Smaller Box, 2/6.

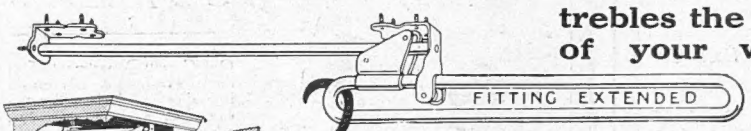
When discussing the Annual Dinner of your Society or Regiment, remember that at the Trocadero each detail, from the floral decorations to the service, is in the hands of an expert; the result is a menage which is a surprise even to the most discerning.

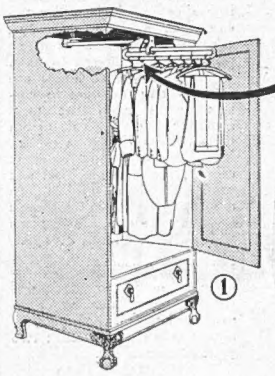


J. Lyons & Co. Ltd.
London. W.

Watts's Patent Wardrobe Fitting

trebles the capacity of your wardrobe





An ingenious contrivance which puts order into the wardrobe. Made throughout of heavily nickel-plated steel. The bottom portion slides on roller bearings and extends OUTSIDE the wardrobe. Clothes are kept in perfect form on hangers which are hooked on this sliding portion. At a touch, they are brought right OUT of the wardrobe thus making it easy to select the garment required.

Fig. 1. Illustrating its suitability for small wardrobes.
Fig. 2. Showing how two or more Watts's Fittings can be fixed side by side in large wardrobes.
Fig. 3. A Watts's Fitting under a shelf converts a corner or alcove into an up-to-date and inexpensive wardrobe.

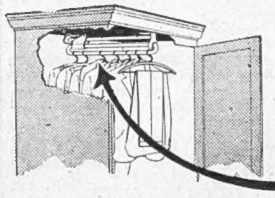
Easy to fix—nothing to go wrong. Suitable for Ladies' or Gentlemen's clothing. Various sizes, from 10 to 20 inches (when closed). When ordering, state INSIDE back-to-front wardrobe measurement. Send for descriptive list.

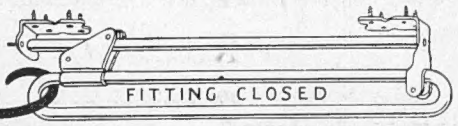
JOHN WATTS, Dept. B, Lambert Works, SHEFFIELD

Established over 150 years.

All sizes—Price 12/6 each. Hangers from 1/6 each.

Carriage paid in the United Kingdom.





Permanent exhibition of Trousers Presses, Wardrobes, Wardrobe Fittings, etc.
24 Redcross Street, London, E.C.1.
(near Aldersgate Street Station)

The Bystander, April 19, 1922 No. 959. Vol. LXXIV.

The BYSTANDER

BY WILMOT LUNT

"THE POPULAR CUT"

THE 'COIFFEUR': "How would you like it done, Miss?"
LADY IN CHAIR: "*Bobbed*, please"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). AT 2.30 and 7.45.
CLOTILDE & ALEXANDRE SAKHAROFF, AUGUSTUS YORKE & CO., ELLA RETFORD, DU CALION, WINSTON'S WONDERFUL WATER LIONS, JOCK McKAY, JINTIRA, Etc.

ADELPHI, Strand. (Ger. 2645). THE GOLDEN MOTH
Evenings at 8. Matinées, Weds. & Sats. at 2.
W. H. BERRY, Robert Michaelis, Thorpe Bates,
Cicely Debenham, Nancie Lovat, Misquette and Maxly.

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A New Light Comedy
By R. C. CARTON.
NIGHTLY at 8.30. MATINÉES, THURS. & SATURDAY, at 2.30.

COURT. (Ger. 848). THE SILVER BOX
by JOHN GALSWORTHY.
EVERY EVENING at 8.30.
Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30. (LAST WEEK).

DALY'S. (Ger. 201).
Nightly at 8.15. Mats., THURS. & Sat. at 2.15.
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Phyllis Dare, Huntley Wright, Ivy Tresmand, Harry Welchman.

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Those Old Maxims

HAVING read a recent law-suit, I learn to my horror that there is an old maxim, "Never trust a woman." I mistrust these old maxims. They lurk in the cobwebby and crabbed brains of people who are too tired to think for themselves. Adam said something of the sort to Eve—and we have gone on saying it ever since. The only consolation is that for the poison of one old maxim there is always the antidote of another maxim—equally old.

Cryptic Criticism

THE undoubted financial talents of Sir Alfred Mond have never received the recognition they deserve, and fickle Fortune withholds the golden gift of popularity from one of her most successful sons. His action in trimming a few shrubs in the gardens at Hampton Court was distorted into an almost international crisis, and now he finds himself saddled with all the onus of the housing problem. But none of his many critics has quite come up to the disgruntled bard who summed up his objections to Sir Alfred in the cryptic lines:

I'm not very fond
Of Sir Alfred Mond,
For he's a brunette
And I am a blonde!

Drury Lane

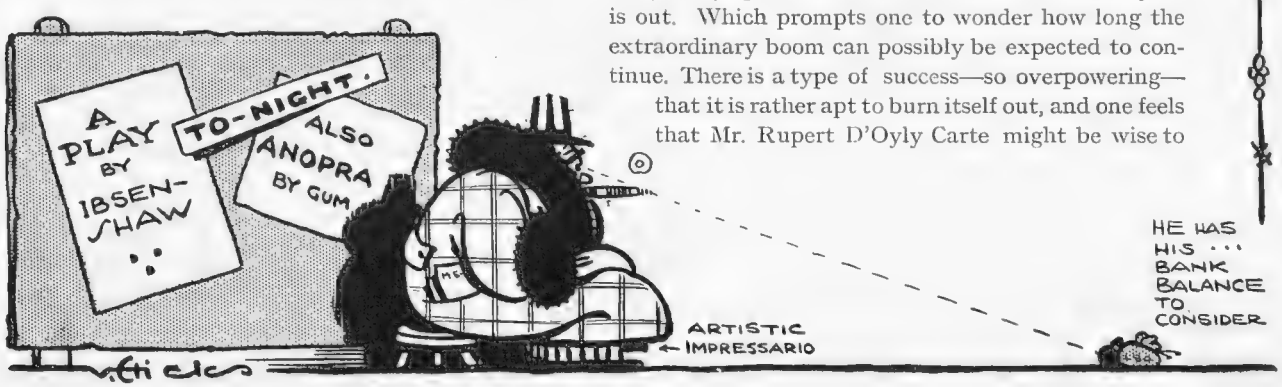
LAST Tuesday I enjoyed the hospitality of the Drury Lane directors and had a peep at the National Theatre in its nice new gala get-up. Drury Lane is now a possession of which any country might well be proud, and it is to be hoped that it will start its new career with a winner. What a pity the possibilities of *Peer Gynt* had not been made known earlier. It might then have passed from our national theatre south of the river to our national theatre on the north side. As it is, I recommend it to Sir Alfred Butt and Mr. Arthur Collins as their second string. Sybil Thorndike made an acceptable "principal girl" at the Lane in an Autumn Drama, and her brother, Russell, would make an excellent "principal boy" in the rôle he has made his own—Peer Gynt, to wit.

A Life Sentence

THE very drastic action of the Football Association in suspending a professional for life on account of attempted bribery may appear somewhat severe when compared to the leniency with which swindlers and wife-beaters are occasionally treated. We may not take our pleasures sadly, but we certainly take our sport seriously, as is only right and proper, and I hope the Stewards of the Jockey Club will be similarly strict during this flat-catching season. After all, there is not much to choose between squaring a football match and pulling a horse, and the scandal has been sufficiently ventilated in the Press to make its continuance quite inexcusable.

Operations in Opera

THE cheers of that stupendous farewell to Gilbert and Sullivan opera are still ringing in our ears, and we are promised a return visit before the year is out. Which prompts one to wonder how long the extraordinary boom can possibly be expected to continue. There is a type of success—so overpowering—that it is rather apt to burn itself out, and one feels that Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte might be wise to



BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

extend the scope of his operations in opera by encouraging living writers and adding their works to his repertoire. This will sound like sacrilege to those super-enthusiasts who have been making history at the Princes Theatre during the last six months, but an artistic impressario, with such a company of performers to hand, has a duty to the living and to the art of the future. Also, he has his bank balance to consider, so I am not asking him to be unduly rash or altruistic.

By Harry Woolley

JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE—AND THEN . . .

My First False Step

Some of us had a great day with the legal luminaries when the Bar Point-to-Point meeting was held at Edenbridge last week. Some of the racing decisions, like certain legal decisions, were not entirely to the liking of amateur backers, and when I am hauled before a certain judge for trying to recoup my fallen fortunes by unconventional means, I may surprise him by pointing out that his seat on the bench is more secure than his seat on a horse, and that I owe my first false step to this simple fact.

My Murderer

The Lambeth coroner has been castigating those motor drivers who look at the person sitting beside them. It is a hard saying, especially, when her eyes are blue, and there is gold in her hair, but I do not propose to question the wisdom of the ruling. What I do hope is that when I am brought before him, with my throat cut from ear to ear, he will have something equally terse to say to that trying person, the inquisitive barber, who, when he is shaving me, looks over his shoulder as each new customer enters. I don't know if Mr. Ingleby Oddie reads The Bystander, but if he does, I hope he will make a note of my protest, and recommend my murderer for something long and lingering with lots of boiling oil in it.

General Knowledge

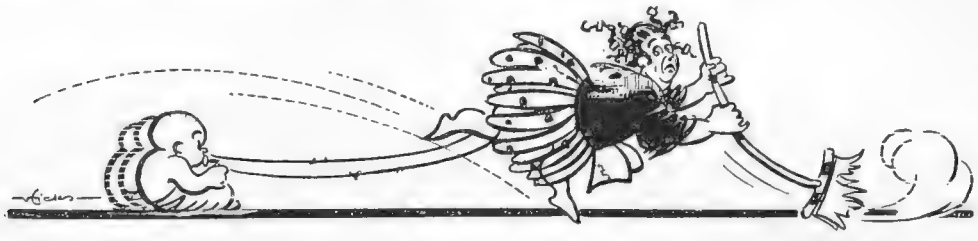
Twenty-four professors of the University of Wisconsin have compiled a question paper to test students' intelligence, and I am tremendously braced because I can answer two of them. When they say, "Why is snow white?" I reply that, in London at any rate, it never is, and later, when we come to the query, "Who was Cicero?" I chuck a proud chest because my sporting researches remind me that Cicero was a strong tip for the umpteen-umpty Derby—though whether he pulled off the odds I can't for the life of me remember.

"Secretly Married"

I notice that a young actor, whose name was previously unknown to me, has just been "secretly married" to a young actress — member of the same touring company. This thrilling news is conveyed to me by my morning paper, and I am very angry indeed that the searchlight of publicity should have been focussed upon these sweet, shy, retiring young things. But you can't elude the sleuth-hounds of the Press, even though the bride wears a thick veil and the bridegroom borrows a "Newgate fringe" from the property room. Yet *someone* must have given them away. *Someone* must have sent that incriminating paragraph to my morning paper. Could it have been—— No! Perish the thought!

Too Much Publicity

I have paid tribute to the modesty of these two young players because I feel that "the profession" is suffering from an over-dose of publicity just now. When I was a lad, the private life of the actor was a sealed book. True, we had all read *A Peep Behind the Scenes*, but that didn't tell us very much. Then the Christmas numbers began publishing pictures of the home life of the pantomime fairy, and gradually all the glamour rolled away, until, to-day,



By Victor Hicks

"The home life of the pantomime fairy"

it is possible for the first performance of a play to be made ridiculous by cheery cross-chat on the subject of twins and teething rings. My sympathies are with the artiste concerned, but you can't blame the kindly soul in the gallery who made the enquiry. The public is getting too sophisticated, and, as I say, the glamour is departing.

As Others See Us

OUR most popular actor, Sir John Martin Harvey — all right, keep your seats, I said "our most *popular* actor" — is, happily, recovering from his recent operation, and I am wondering if this marked improvement has anything to do with George Robey's burlesque of his performance in *The Only Way*. Naturally, he wants to see himself as Robey sees him, for there is no more fascinating experience than to be caricatured by an artist or burlesqued on the public stage. During the War, the artist who found himself in a training battalion had the greatest difficulty in learning which was the business end of a rifle, for he was refused permission to go on parade until he had completed his drawing of the Colonel's wife. A visitor to a Bohemian dinner would joyfully stuff himself with sawdust if, by so doing, he could persuade an artist to draw a sketch of him upon his *menu*. It is an agreeable form of flattery to which none of us is unresponsive.

By E. T. Reed

PRINCES OF EAST AND WEST

Prince of Wales: "Most kind of you, my dear Prince! *Splendid* to be able to return your delightful visit. 'Alliance' or no 'Alliance,' it's *friendship that matters!*"

Virtue and Vice

THE Shoreditch man who saw the Queen and then knocked a woman down has exploded one of our pet fictions. Formerly, we expected the small boy who saw highwaymen at a cinema to go straight home and hold his grandmother to ransom with a rook rifle. If a man spent an evening at the Grand Guignol we knew that he would probably murder someone before the night was out. How foolish of us! In future we must subscribe to the doctrine of reaction, and beware of the old lady who is just leaving a missionary meeting. Who knows, she may have a mallet in her muff, or a pistol concealed about her person.

Did You Ever?

I HAVE always heard that Fleet Street was full of Scotsmen (or Scotchmen or North Britons, or whatever the wild men from the North call themselves), but now I am sure of it, for recently every newspaper in London has gone into hysterics because there is a proposal to place an overhead tramway system in Princes Street, Edinburgh. This purely parochial matter had mildly bored me, until I read that Princes Street is "the most beautiful thoroughfare in Britain." In *Britain*, mark you! Not in Edinburgh—not in Scotland, but in *Britain!* Local patriotism is all very well in its way, but, really——. Did you ever? Well! Well! Wait till I get my breath. . . .

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Photograph *L.N.A.*

THE KING AND QUEEN AT HAWTHORN HILL

The Household Brigade Steeplechase meeting at Hawthorn Hill was an umbrella-mackintosh event, but not a whit the less successful for all the rain. Their Majesties motored over from Windsor, and saw an excellent day's racing

Princess Mary

THE elaborate arrangements made by so many scribes for the entertaining they have decided will take place at Chesterfield House this season—dinners, dances, etc.—may, or may not, be previous, but they are certainly voiced without the authority of the persons principally concerned—Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles.

The situation is not nearly so simple as it appears. Princess Mary, to the delight of the nation, may have married a commoner, but this does not alter the important social fact that, from the entertaining point of view, Chesterfield House now stands second to Buckingham Palace, and that its invitation lists will have to be carefully considered and carefully made up.

We live in a very mixed world, and where a Royal hostess is concerned a nice discrimination has to be exercised. Unless I am woefully misinformed—and I don't think I am—I think you will find this discrimination will be exercised at Chesterfield House. From the first time its doors are opened Princess Mary becomes the leading hostess in London, a position which calls for safeguards.

Photograph *I. B.*

MR. JUSTICE FARRANT

At the Bar Point-to-Point held at Edenbridge, and at which he secured first place in the Light and Heavy-Weight races. There was some good racing over an excellent line of country, consisting of three or four miles of grass, with plenty of good jumps and two open brooks

Photograph *Advance Photo Co.*

A PAUSE IN THE PARK

Lord Furness stops to chat to his daughter while taking an early morning ride in the Park. The Hon. Averill Furness is his only daughter

Lent and Easter

TO a casual observer of the social world there would appear to be little difference between Lent and Easter—except that the shops are shut for the latter and there is a rush from London of everybody who can get away. But this year Lent has made a considerable difference. To begin with there have not been half the number of private dances during the last six weeks, big dinner-parties have been few with lots of days in between, and there has been a general quietude.

Whether it comes from a desire to observe Lenten rules or a wish to economise for the more important months ahead I won't venture to decide, but Lent this year has made a considerable difference. Pennies or penitence—I wonder which! Perhaps the lack of one and need for the other.

Clothes and the Woman

NO lawsuit has ever caused more heart-stirrings and perturbations than that brought against Lord Cathcart by the dressmakers of his divorced Countess. It has engrossed the feminine mind to the exclusion of all else, and the Judge's decision certainly places the dressmakers in an awkward position.

But I doubt if any argument more amazing or more snobbish was ever brought forward in a court of law or anywhere else than the contention that a woman can only keep her place in Society by her clothes. The logical outcome of such an argument is that a woman is not known for what she is but for what she wears.

Made Miserable by Bills

It is futile and silly, and, besides, it betrays an astonishing ignorance. The only people who can afford to be dowdy are the very rich, peeresses, duchesses, and such highly-placed folk. In fact, the higher up in the social scale a woman is, the less regard she may have for the fashion or the age of her clothes.

Of course, women like pretty clothes, and bless 'em, why shouldn't they? But hundreds of women whose lives are made miserable by big dressmakers' bills—and incidentally the lives of their husbands likewise—overlook the all-essential point. The knowledge, the certainty of your place in the world should make you indifferent to criticism of your clothes.

A Royal Example

Anxiety to appease or disarm the mysterious, headless, bodiless "they" which forces thousands of women to spend countless hours of their lives and hundreds upon hundreds of pounds over clothes and hats is really a sign of uncertainty of position. I think that the entrance of Queen Victoria and the Empress Eugènie into the Opera House on that historic visit to Paris of the Queen and the Prince Consort at the time of the Crimean War, puts what I mean in a nutshell.

When the four sovereigns arrived in the ante-room to the Imperial box Queen Victoria went straight on down to the front of the box, and stood bowing right and left to the wildly applauding audience. But the Empress Eugènie remained in the ante-room, patting her hair, moving her bracelets, whilst her ladies-in-waiting pulled at frills and flounces—for all the world like a leading lady about to make a *grande entrée* upon the stage.

She was Queen

Queen Victoria was so assured of her position that she had no thought of her hair or her dress. She was Queen. But the Empress was a very newcomer amongst royalties. She relied upon her clothes and her appearance, and therefore she was conscious of what never enters the mind of the really assured—her dressmaker.

Is this a Reason?

The Cathcart case was being discussed at a little luncheon party. An elderly woman — whose name is very well known because of her interest in good works, and who was born under one coronet and married another—made this suggestion as an explanation of the passion some women have for a procession of new dresses. She thought the newspapers were to blame in a considerable measure.

Practically every morning and evening newspaper, she said, mentioned the dresses

Photograph *Chas. E. Brown*

ON THE DESERT SAND OF AFRICA

Captain de Malglaive, Miss Church, and Miss Dixon take an impromptu rest on an excursion into the desert from Algiers, which, as usual, this year has been quite full of winter emigrants from colder climes

Photograph *Topical*

A NAVAL WEDDING AT DEVONPORT

Captain Burgess, R.M.L.I. (H.M.S. "Thunderer") and Miss Dorothy Tamford Harris going on board H.M.S. "Thunderer," at Devonport after their marriage, where the reception was held

Photograph *Central News*

AFTER THE CEREMONY

Mr. James Cyril Butterick and Miss Desirée Dickinson, the elder daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Willoughby Dickinson, after their marriage at Holy Trinity, Brompton. The Marquis of Titchfield was best man

worn by women of position at social functions, no matter what they might be, balls, weddings, charity matinées, etc. If a woman had been mentioned as wearing a particular dress on a particular occasion she would, even if she were not vain, not like to run the risk of the same dress being described again at another function.

"I don't know how many times I have read in the newspapers 'Lady——— in sables.' I always wear my sable coat in the winter. I have had it for years. But I think the people who write these things must be getting a little tired of it, for last week I was amused to read, 'Lady ——— in her handsome sable cloak.'"

Photograph *Florence Vandamm*

THE MARCHIONESS OF TITCHFIELD

Who is on the committee of the ball in aid of Enham Village Centre for Disabled ex-Service Men, to be held at the Hyde Park Hotel on Tuesday, the 2nd of May. Lady Titchfield is the younger daughter of Sir Frederick Milner, Bart.; she married the Marquis of Titchfield in 1911

Photograph *Vandyk*

A FORTHCOMING MARRIAGE

Hilda Countess de la Warr, the third daughter of the late Colonel and Mrs. C. Lennox Tredcroft, whose marriage to Mr. John W. Dennis, M.P., of St. James's Square, will take place soon

I wonder if the lady is right, and if the possibility of their clothes being mentioned in newspapers does drive women to their dressmakers. Well, if it does, the judgment in the Cathcart case places an awkward responsibility on the dressmakers. Can they risk enquiry as to the husband's ability or willingness to pay the bill, and by such enquiry lose customers?

In the Eighteenth Century

We may poke fun as much as we choose about the "society" paragraphs that tell us of "Lady ——— in her handsome sable cloak," of "Lady Maccabæus walking in the Park in puce, with her daughter in a brown hat and a pink osprey," and deplore it as a modern innovation. But we are wrong. It is two centuries old, and it began, if you please, with men.

If you look at any number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* or the *Universal Magazine* in the eighteenth century you will find long notices of drawing-rooms at St. James's Palace, with lists of names set out after this manner:

"The Duke of N———e in oyster satin, brocaded with gold."

"The Marquis of C———n in plum-coloured velvet, braided with silver, and diamond buttons."

"The Earl G———r in cherry-coloured silk, braided in silver, Mechlin lace, *jabot*, and cuffs, and cut-steel buttons."

Of the ladies' dresses not a word. So if when men wore the fine feathers their glitter was recorded, why should not women have the same privilege to-day, when all the feathers have passed to them?

All the Difference in the World

Your Bystander's handwriting led the printer last week into a pitfall. It was only the difference between an "a" and an "o," but what a vision the difference conjured up! I quoted Colonel Repington's remark about Princess Christopher of Greece that as she had married the King Tino's youngest brother she "trots about last at functions." The printer read it "trots about *lost* at functions." Mine alone was the blame. The mistake has its amusing side, but nevertheless, I make my apologies to you, to the printer, and Colonel Repington.

Photograph *Central News*

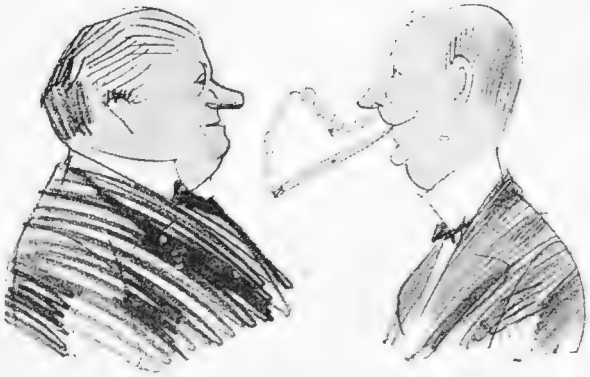
UNDER THE WHITE FLAG AT GENOA

A first photograph from Genoa of the Soviet leaders who are representing their government at the Italian Conference. Much is expected, much may result; at least, it is to be hoped that the tragedy of Europe will not be intensified, but rather that she may benefit from this conclave. From left to right will be seen: Litvinoff, Yorovski, Joffe, Vachovcky, Novicky and, standing immediately behind, Stivkin

NEW SERIES

Galloping Sketches by "Major"

Nelson Keys (left) to James White: "I'm told you are growing better and a better, every day"



"Kim" Manchester (left) to Paul Arthur: "Do you know, I never cottoned on to my dukedom"

Fontana gathers Moss, even to ragtime

Robert, inventor of cocktails that cure last nights, and author of a book on them

You do not think you look like this when you are dancing. If you thought at all, you wouldn't

Luigi, the greatest diplomat in any Embassy

No. I.—AT THE EMBASSY CLUB

The first of a new series by "Major" of impressions of London life which will appear each week in the "Bystander"

The Riviera Week by Week

By Dunce-Scotus

CHAUCER's vision of April "with his showers sweet" has not quite been realised here so far. Rather storms of hail as large as pigeons' eggs whitening the foot-hills, but, all the same, refreshing the thirsty ground and preceded and followed by glorious sun. The almond blossoms, too, are in full flower still—a good month late. They flower early because, when St. Patrick retired to the monastery of Lerins he promised to visit his sister at Cannes when the fruit trees blossomed. She grew weary of waiting through the long winter, and prayed the trees to flower. They began with one consent to make excuses on account of the frost, the mistral, the dislike of being odd; but the almond-tree without a leaf bravely covered itself with a glory of bloom. She sent a spray to the monastery, and her brother remembered and came to see her. The leaves of the fig-trees, curiously, are out early this year, and the trellised gardens and balconies of the crowded suburbs are charming again with their suggestion of Italian sun-life. The flower show at the Beaux Arts at Monte Carlo is rejoicing exceedingly all lovers of glorious cyclamens, carnations, roses, tiny and shy and big and bold.

Amadis, the new Massenet, was finely staged in a cinema sense, but had a poor cast; it is, of course, not up to his best work. There have been some very fine performances of *La Tosca* and *Rigoletto*, and Mme. Della Rizza, M. Vulpi, M. Molonari, besides the old favourites, have been warmly applauded, but on the whole the verdict is that the opera season has been the poorest for many years. People who winter here in villas and apartments on account of opera, talk of going elsewhere, and many visitors have decided to give up subscribing to the opera another year. They have been ashamed even to give away their tickets in some cases.

MISS BACON gave a hen tea-party the other day to entertain Princess Mirza Khan, who is not allowed to meet men in drawing-rooms, though, in the bathing season, the sea seems free from the cruel laws of the Medes and Persians! Mrs. Hodgson and Mrs. Eastwood sang some charming songs written by Miss Bacon's sister—Mrs. Puleston—and dedicated to Lord Mar. Mrs. Charlotte Mansfield, the first woman member of the Royal Geographical Society—whose new book about South African explorations everyone is reading, was there, as well as Lady Bacon, Mrs. Hamilton Boyle, Lady Paget, Mrs. Galbraith Horn, Miss Amphlett, Marquise de Beaumont, Mrs. Bignell, Mrs. Hodgson, Mrs. Howard Copland, Lady Spearman, Mrs. Peddie, and Lady St. John.

Photographs *E. Navello*

ROYALTY ON THE RIVIERA

Princess Philippe de Bourbon, who has been wintering on the Riviera, snapped while walking in the sun at Monte Carlo

THE famous Salle Empire of the Hotel de Paris, Ciro's, and the Sporting Club, have been entertaining many brilliant parties of fresh visitors these last weeks, but, of course, the racing season at Paris is hailing many away from soft spring sunshine to snow and floods and gloom. Among the Easter arrivals are Lady Robson, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the Hon. Sophia Trollope, Lady Lawley, back from her trip from Cape Town to Cairo, M. Jacques Heugel—the proprietor and editor of the famous musical review, *The Ménestrel*—and his mother, Earl of Kintore, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, Hon. John Verney, Miss de Bittencourt and her fiancé, Colonel Philippi, of polo fame, Earl and Countess of Northbrook, Lady Londesborough, Lady Meux, Prince Pierre of Montenegro, Mr. Walter Rummel (perhaps the first pianist of the world), M. Mosselmans (First Secretary of the Dutch Embassy of Rome) and Madame Mosselmans, Lady Aberdour, Baron Henri de Rothschild, Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Cohen.

LORD AND LADY CHEYLESMORE

Photographed at the Cannes Golf Club. The Riviera was still very full for Easter, as the season has been a very late one this year. Lady Cheylesmore is, at the moment, doing much to ensure the success of the Ball at the Ritz Hotel next Wednesday, the 26th, in aid of the Infants' Hospital, Westminster. Lord Cheylesmore is Chairman of the Committee of Management

AT Mont Agel new arrivals every day and competitions two and three times a week just now. April is always the English month when the best class of the old type which made the Riviera the mirror of fashion come out. The pros. have been trying a new light lesson ball, the best so far, where space is limited. You can't send it more than fifty yards, but you can judge the shot all right, and the feel of the club is good, too. Dubois, of Paris, is the maker.

At the Paris the other night Mrs. A. Hoffmann was dining the King of Sweden, the Duc and Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, M. and Mme. Marchetta d'Allegri, Mrs. Spreckels, and M. de Aminoff.

BIG liners (including the *George Washington*, of 27,000 tons) to and from New York or doing Mediterranean cruises like the *Meteor*, not to speak of yachts big and little, are arriving and departing every few days now at Monaco. Motor-boat races, sailing-boat races, and, above all in popularity, the international girls' races and sports on the ground of the Tir-aux-Pigeons below the famous terrace, have been enormously interesting everybody near Monte Carlo these last ten days. These girl teams are chiefly made up of working girls, who have to practice in after hours. They have the holiday of their lives here, and the tonic effect of the splendid meeting here makes the malady of winter in England endurable.

D.-S.

London Clubs

BY WILTON WILLIAMS

No. VI.—"THE SAVAGE"

The Prince at a Shrine of Idolatry

Photographs *Topical*

LAKE HAKONE AND FUJIYAMA

Two wonderful photographs of Lake Hakone in Japan with the dormant volcano Fujiyama in the distance, where the Prince will be staying for a few days. Fujiyama is regarded with superstitious reverence, and in August, Buddhist devotees make a pilgrimage to its dizzy heights, and offer prayers to the idols which have been placed in the ravines of the rock by their ancestors

The Errant Golfer

No. 3 at Littlehampton

By Dell Leigh

Illustrations by Cunningham

THIS is the friendly little club, the cheery club, the hail-fellow-well-met club. The club where everyone knows everyone else, or makes a point of doing so without any nonsense. The club which should bear on its house flag, not the ponderous Littlehampton Arms, but the motto, "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*," as symbolical of its democratic ideals; nothing could be more fitting. It is approached by a turgid ferry, as it lies across the river on the more peaceful side of life. You are rowed across skilfully by a taciturn boatman. Taciturn he is, not by inclination, but because vile visitors remark eternally, continuously, and unceasingly on the strength of the tide. If the tide is high they say, "By Jove! jolly hefty tide you get here, ferryman. . . . I suppose it is always like this, eh? mouth of the river, yes, of course; about how many knots do you make it running now? H'm: shouldn't care to swim against this, would you, ferryman?" And if she is low: "Funny little river, this; not much more'n a ditch now. About how high does she rise, ferryman? Does she? How long does that take, roughly? Really. I expect you get to know exactly, though, don't you? H'm." Of course, you never get anything of this sort from the residents. No. They sit huddled in the crowded craft, casting appraising glances over each other's well-known clothes.

"Great Scot! Henderson has had that button sewn on. I wondered when that would happen. Wonder who did it? Not his wife, I'll be bound. That fluffy, fair girl at 'The Grapes,' I'll bet a quid."

But when you get over, the smiling steward greets you. "Play? Yes, sir, you can play, course, pleased to see you, sir, nice morning. Will you be wanting a caddie, sir? Right, I'll see to it." Topping man, this, to yourself as you descend to the sunny dressing-rooms. Typical C.P.O. retired, of course. Shall remember him. Nice Navy air about him. Fellow-passengers with you in the ferry open lockers and extract tattered coats and comfy old shoes. They cast smiling glances of welcome at you, tinged with admiration of your beautifully cut tweeds. And the sun pours in at the windows. You feel astonishingly fit this morning. No more lumbago. You will hit the ball out of sight to-day You will never see it again. I shall take permanent rooms down here. *This* is the place. No, I shall buy a house. More fixity of tenure. Not sure that I shan't buy two houses, on second thoughts, and use the other for putting up Digby and Snow and all that pessimistic crowd. Do 'em a world of good. You find yourself executing a little *pas seul* in the corner. The lumbago has certainly gone. Wonderful air. Cheery people. Nice people. Strordinary!

You find a man who wants a match. A resident, "lived here for years." Very nice and apologetic, he is, about his game. "Not what I was. Can't cope with you London men: still, if *you* don't mind, and will give me some strokes here and there? I must get home to lunch. Catch the ferry."

Strokes! You feel like giving him a box of balls.

He very pleasantly suggests waiting until they have all driven off, "and then we can take our own time." Splendid. And he ambles off to the caddiemaster for his clubs.

You ascend to the verandah, and you see the genial steward. "Are you fixed up all right, sir?"

You thank him, and add you will be in to lunch.

"Sorry, sir, no lunch; some bread and cheese, perhaps."

"Eh—what's that? No lunch? Here, I say, but you know——"

"We don't serve lunch, sir. Leastways, not wot you'd *call* lunch. Little Dutch cheese, p'raps, though we've 'ad it some time." He is looking at you in a pained way, as

"Scandalous, sir! perfectly scandalous!"

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if you had forgotten to salute the quarter-deck. He evidently doesn't *want* you to have lunch. People don't lunch. It isn't done. He glides noiselessly away, and you look out through the shimmering haze of the morning and ponder on the situation. You loathe cheese. And there is a "perhaps" about that, too. Curious. Still you eat far too much habitually. Good discipline, this, come on; where's the adversary?

Nice little man. A steady 10, and you have to go all out. But he keeps on pointing out all the objects of local interest. The old Fort at the Second. Again at the Third, as you draw near to it, and the obsolescence of the guns they recently had there, "Scandalous, sir, perfectly scandalous!"

"And a new three-shilling ball on the other side"

And again at the Fourth as you play past it. "Course, it serves it's purpose even now, as it is just placed nicely to take a sliced drive into the Moat. . . . I'm ra-ather afraid your ball——"

Yes, he was quite right, it was, and a 20-foot sheer drop! Disgustingly fine putter he was. Time and again, right across the green, with little pig-like grunts of satisfaction as the ball plopped home.

There was the old wreck, too, that had caused them so much trouble. "Rum y'know, hundreds of barrels of it, and we are a temperate town; I'm on the Town Council myself. . . . Now you must be *very* careful of the shingle at this next hole, very careful, a pulled drive, and, well, but you'll see."

You didn't see. There was nothing to see. Nobody can be expected to see shingle on the horizon, absurd. But the caddie had said, "*That's* done it," and made straight for the beach, which was entirely and absolutely the colour of a million golf balls.

"My hole, I'm afraid."

You begin to experience a vague dislike of this placid person. And then he begins to tell you about Sir Richard Garton.

It appears Sir Richard had taken the old windmill farm ("you can see it ahead there, we shall come to it presently, there's a green just outside his gate"), renovated it, modernized it, and then forgotten it. There was a great deal to be said about this, it seemed, a great deal. But it was not golf. Great admiration your opponent seemed to have for Sir Richard Garton. He had taken it, bought it, done it up, and then forgotten it. ("Now that's a very odd thing, you know, very odd, eh?") It seemed to weigh upon him that so charming a place could be bought, like that, and forgotten. Personally you didn't care if Sir Richard bought sixteen places and lost them all. But you find yourself reciting over and over again—

"At Flores in the Azores
Sir Richard Grenville (Garton)
lay. . ."

"Sir Richard Garton, damn, Grenville lay."

The house as you get near to it certainly is a sweet place. You must have looked up as you thought this, for you have overshot the green with a half-topped ball, and it has kicked off the road into his garden.

When you get there you find an ominous notice on the garden gate, "Beware of the Dog." A new three-shilling ball lies somewhere on the other side. . . . Beastly place. Hideous. And the windmill creaks. Bah!

As you play the homeward holes this question of lunch begins to re-assert itself somewhat forcibly. It's really rather a serious matter, and you broach it tentatively to your opponent.

He hardly hears you, as he is debating with deep concentration between a light iron and a mashie.

"Oh, lunch. No. We all go home to lunch, y'see, no lunch at the club worth speaking of . . . yes, boy, I think it *is* the iron, that little one, *that's* it: now then——"

Yes, you definitely dislike this self-complacent Town Councillor, this all's-right-with-the-world individual. It wasn't! Besides he was three up.

You part on the eighteenth green, well beaten, with mutual expressions of good-will and hopes for a return match. When he has trotted off, as you stand there, with funny little querulous rumblings of hunger within you, a most entrancing smell of frying onions is wafted out through one of the club-house windows.

You hurry to the dressing-room and enquire anxiously of the boot-boy.

"Yes, sir, dessay you did. That's the Steward's lunch you're a smelling of I 'spect. Bit o' steak e's 'aving to-day 'e was tellin' me.

D. L.

The second of this diverting series ("At Coombe Hill") was published last week. The next will be "AT STOKE POGES."

There's Many a Landslip 'Twixt Cup and Lip

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

The sort of thing that sometimes happens in mountainous districts

The "Single" Honeymoon

BY "ROLAND"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"Chacun de—

—son côte"

MES AMIS—

ONE has made the discovery. It is the "single" honeymoon. I do not know if that name shall convey the meaning, but it is the best which is available. It is the honeymoon on which the husband does not take his wife. Or, if it is the turn of the wife, it is the honeymoon on which she takes not her husband. It has been found to be the great success. All the world has of it the content, and thus is there the promise that it shall have the even greater vogue. At the present it is the most noteworthy innovation of the dismal season of the Riviera, which drags to a gloomy close. Also it is the feature which is felt to have the completest success.

I WOULD not have you to misunderstand. This "single" honeymoon is not just the old affair of the gay husband who goes off to have the fling while to leave the patient little wife at home, or the affair of the giddy wifeling who gads off to butterfly climes while the stodgy hubby labours for the daily bread. Not at all like that is this ultra-modern ritual. The old-style jaunt was a venture which made for the trouble. The *nouvelle mode* is an experience which makes for the *paix chez soi*. One has discovered that the absence does make the heart grow fonder, when the interested parties are the husband and the wife who for the years past have had the opportunity to quarrel over the shortcomings of the one and the other.

IT is, *en effet*, so easy to explain on the paper that one has the fear that it is not likely to be believed as the reality. But it is the evidence of those who have experimented that the experience has proved the success. And one who has the doubts about the matter has but to go to the Gare de Lyon any of the nights about nine o'clock and interrogate the awaiters and the returners. They are in the appreciable numbers, those who have made alone the journey to the Riviera this year. And for a consequence of their talk one may anticipate that the numbers shall be even larger in the future. Madame will tell you how much superior is Monsieur to the men she has met during that she has been on the travels. She has thought, before to separate for a little while, that he has been constituted mostly of the incompatibilities.

BUT she has realised that they are of the most trivial beside the dislikes she has experienced for the *hommes voyageurs* whom she has had the occasion to encounter in the *vacances*. And Monsieur, who with such sincere affection greets his awaiting wife, will convince you of his belief that she is a queen compared with those women who have been in his circle during the "cure." Is it not that your wise M. Bernard

"And Monsieur who with such sincere affection greets his awaiting wife"

Shaw has somewhere expounded in his writings the advantages which could accrue from the honeymoons of separation? He shall now be able to call upon the disciples who have put the proposal to the successful test.

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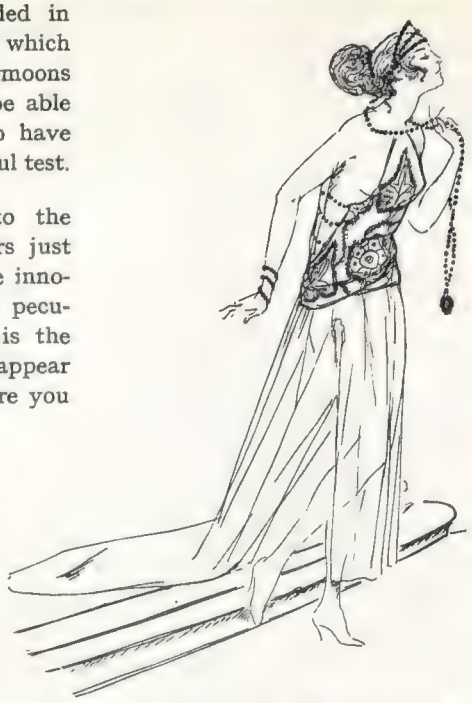
All the tendencies are to the breakdown of the barriers just now, and the indulgence in the innovations. Novel among the peculiarities of *la mode* just now is the passion of *la haute société* to appear on the cinema screen. Go where you will among the *thés mondains* and you may not avoid to be told, "Tomorrow I am about to figure in the cinema." In the future, when you shall see a film which makes the representation of *la haute société Parisienne*, you must not have the confidence it is but the actors who ape the airs. Maybe the crowd shall be composed of personalities whose names are all to be found in the Bottin Mondain. That is now the case *bien souvent*. A *metteur en scène*, who has had the rare courage, has first had the idea to invite the high society to portray itself. His boldness has met with the immediate response.



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And since this commencement the rivals have adopted the similar procedure. So that one may meet the Marquise de Verre d'Eau or the Baronne de Sanslesou among the figurants in the films of fashion. *Naturellement*, it is not for the feasting that these very modern descendants of the old nobility participate in the preparation of the films. Though, when a *metteur en scène* is screening a society supper party he cannot but offer the real champagne of the irreproachable quality. No, it is out of the modern desire to know exactly how the film is elaborated that the *haute société* permits itself docilely to be ordered about by the big-voiced producer. It is the evidence of the professionals that these assistants fulfil their part with the most thorough efficiency. But the *metteur en scène*, although graciously polite, has to be careful with his compliments.

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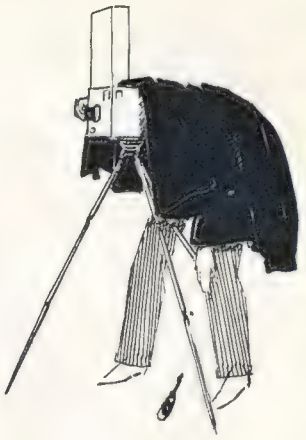
Some of them have caused to themselves and their *confrères* no end of the trouble by to tell one of these *figurantes* that she is *photogénique*. *Ensuite* she has no longer the satisfaction to be one of the mass. She wishes to have a part and thinks to become automatically an "*étoile*." This is hard to repulse. But not all of the *figurants* who are *photogénique* have the good fortune of our lucky Georges Carpentier. Georges, who has already figured in one film with much success, has signed recently a contract to appear in another. And this time the acting will take the precedence over the boxing.



"One may meet 'The Baronne de Sanslesou'"

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Georges will appear first as a Bohemian, and subsequently as a *jeune aristocrate*. He has the intention, one hears, when he shall cease to be a "star" of *la boxe*, to become a star of *l'écran*. There is much of the natural "theatrical" about Georges which may make this project a success. But while, for the majority of the *personnalités* who most gladly accept to represent their *monde* on the screen, there is not the hope of stage advancement that unfolds for the fortunate Georges, there are many who take the work enough seriously to demand the remuneration for their effective, if restricted, services. Not that they wish the money for themselves, but that they do not wish the producer thus to profit at the expense of the *acteurs professionels*. *Par habitude* the money is subsequently deposited among the funds of the societies of the actors. Thus are the tastes of the *mondains* and the needs of the actors simultaneously satisfied.

Roland

"The metteur en scène graciously polite"

A Spring Tonic

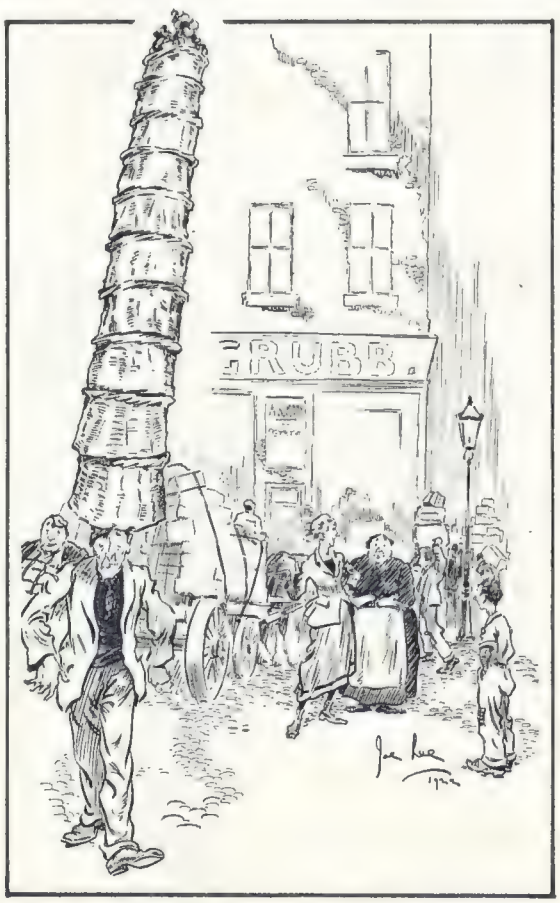
BY "THE OLD GUARD"

ONCE more do we shamelessly thrust ourself forward into the limelight, noisily to chant the newer Ode to Spring. For to-day old Mother Earth, in flinging about her anew her flowing robe of green, calls to us with a dulcet solicitude to see a brighter gold in the sun and a deeper blue in the Heavens. The clouds that were to have lifted themselves from the mountain tops seemed of late to be merely digging themselves in; but now they are being dissipated and scattered by an amiable Frenchman who has come among us with a new Philosopher's Stone. This maimed and battered world to-day looks towards Master Emile Coué, of Paris, and likewise bows. He it is that would have us learn that the ills of body and mind by which we are beset may be cured by the persuasive declaration that they are not. There be among us men that have drunk so deep of the well of this ancient Truth that the rheums and rackings that formerly assailed them have suddenly departed, as though they had been touched by a magic wand. Men who stood shudderingly on the chilly threshold of Age now find themselves looking curiously into the confectioner's window, fancifully conjecturing how far a coloured pasteboard box of comfits will go to the securing of a dainty lady's favour.

As with the individual, so with the race. They that sit in the seats of the mighty promised us a Heaven upon Earth, and gave us a six-shilling income-tax instead. But the New Heaven is now, by the grace of Master Coué, to be delivered at our doors. We have but to speak aloud with proper faith the slogan cry: "The times are growing better every day!" and it shall be unto us accordingly. The spring that is painting afresh for us our world to-day carries in its train a New Hope. Sound we, therefore, the tocsin, and let the bells ring out! Along the valleys and over the rolling uplands let us proclaim our creed aloud: that the shadow of the Seven Lean Years is being lifted from us, while the new Dawn, in russet mantle clad, comes dancing o'er the dew of the eastern hills. "The times are growing better every day!" Let us proclaim the joyful tidings with a noise beside which the mighty shout that crumbled the walls of Jericho into dust shall seem but the muling of a peevish babe.

GOD wot! we ourself are minded to use this brave fancy for our private gain. We are not of the sordid kind with the ever-itching palm; yet have we, too, chafed at times under the eternal want of pence that vexes public men. We have it in mind, therefore, precipitately to invade the exclusive sanctum of our Editor, to the consternation of him and his underlings, and to cry hopefully in the Coué vein: "Lo, our stipend is doubled! Lo, our stipend is doubled!" If the Coué system be indeed the flawless thing that is alleged, we should then be drawing nigh to a fascinating opulence. Contrariwise, alas! should that system be liable to leakage, we should find ourself ruefully confronted with the immediate prospect of a swift and turbulent descent of the long flight of stairs leading downward to the street, though, in our modest opinion, it will take at least six of them to do it if a prompt decision be of any moment to them in the emergency.

BUT, Gentles, it is not of our poor self that we would speak at this hour. To-day it is our pride to fancy that we hold a brief for this dear land of England. Let the cry go forth that they who hear may pass it on from tongue to tongue. "The times are growing better every day!" Then shall we see our Promised Land spread out before us in its golden glory, the mean shackles with which we are bound by those clothed with a little brief authority shall fall from us, and the Liberty that seems to-day but a rapacious wanton shall come into her own again, sweeter and purer than before. The workless shall find work, the friendless good company, man shall scan his brother man in gentleness, and the horn of plenty shall once more be full. Kill-joy shall perish in his own corruption, and once again we shall be able to buy a cigarette after eight of the clock, and a wholesome cup of ale at any hour. The spacious days of old, when England was, and the English did, will come back to us, and the People's will, now mocked by the scheming politician and the pseudo-pious, will be free once more to lead our Land to the greatness that is at once her heritage and her destiny. We have spoken. Masters, the word is with you. "The times are growing better every day!"



By Joseph Lee

OVERHEARD IN COVENT GARDEN: "That's Lizzie's new feller; nice level-'eaded young chap 'e is, too!"

BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

THE PERSONAL E-COUÉ-TION

They'r

GETTING A RUN

re Off !

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

FOR THEIR MONEY

AT THE COMEDY

THER PEOPLE'S WORRIES

BY "JINGLE."
ILLUSTRATED BY MACMICHAEL

THIS is described as a light comedy, and it certainly is a very light comedy indeed. But there are several good laughs in it, and it supplies, on the whole, a very enjoyable entertainment. Such plot as there is serves chiefly as a peg on which Miss Compton may hang her dry, epigrammatic comments on each situation that arises; and many of these are both witty and amusing. Miss Compton is Lady Conroy, a shrewd, but eminently respectable, woman of the world, who has been chosen by a Duke to keep an eye on his erring son, Lord Robert Blantyre. Lord Robert's earliest feat is to marry secretly Alice Cope, Lady Conroy's private secretary; and when the question arises later as to whether Alice is a lady of the right social standing to be the wife of a Duke's heir we are told that she is a member of a very big family indeed—fifteen of them, boys and girls, all told. Lady Conroy talks to Lord Robert on one occasion in the hearing of his wife, unaware, of course, of their relationship. She reminds Robert of the little breach of promise case that had to be settled out of court at a high figure, and also of his narrow escape from being cited as one of many co-respondents in a lively divorce suit. As, however, these distressing details have no effect on the general story, and make no difference to the friendly relations between Lord Robert and his wife, it seems a pity to have distressed the poor girl by needlessly dragging them in.

THEN we come to Mrs. Ryecroft. She is the wife of Major Ryecroft, who has not been heard of for three years, and is presumed to be dead. Mrs. Ryecroft's chief anxiety is whether she may marry again without exposing herself to the charge of bigamy if her husband should ever turn up again. Believing Lord Robert to be single, she makes him take her to lunches and dinners and suppers till, not unreasonably, people begin to talk. But Mrs. Ryecroft has another string to her bow, a dull, ponderous Member of Parliament, who looks like being drawn into the net in spite of his frantic effort to escape the lady's wiles. Mrs. Ryecroft is represented with quite a wonderful energy by Miss Athene Seyler, who moves lightly about the stage like a butterfly flitting from one flower to another, imposing her will imperiously on young and old alike. At one moment she is lamenting the fact that she will be late for an appointment with her milliner, at another she is full of a charity concert, at yet another she is heart-broken because someone who was going to sing for her is indisposed at the last moment, and when she makes a call on the telephone the number is engaged. Carlyle once said of a man of many moods of the kind that he had a mind like a kangaroo. Mrs. Ryecroft is certainly on the hop all the time; and Miss Seyler's impersonation is quite remarkable for its fidelity to type.

LADY CONROY and her husband, Sir William, are the people who have to endure other people's worries. One of the worries is unquestionably Mrs. Ryecroft, who has persuaded them to lend their Mayfair home for the purposes of

the charity concert. The concert affords an opportunity for the introduction of several types of performers, some of them intentionally amusing and some otherwise. In the first category we have to place the great Bromley Dalmore (topical vocalist), a most efficient and laughable piece of fooling by Mr. Forrester Harvey.

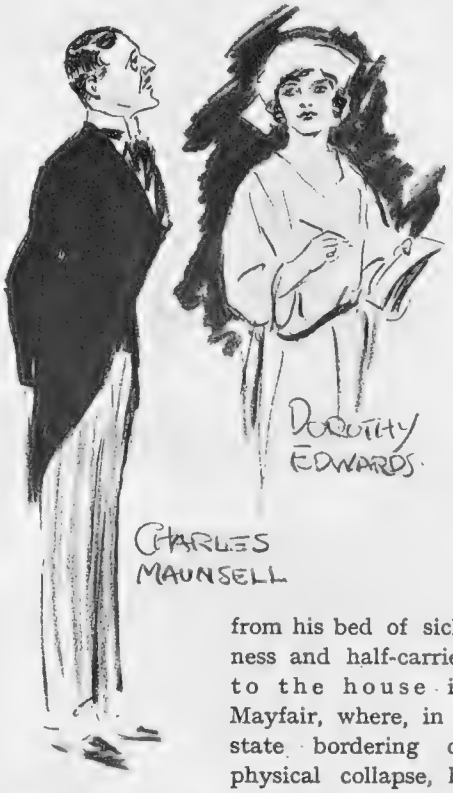
BROMLEY DALMORE has come as a substitute for the indisposed artist, and his introduction of the free and easy manners of the music-hall performer into the very correct atmosphere of a Mayfair home keeps the house in a steady yell of laughter. He pitches his tent, as it were, in a corridor of the mansion, where he "makes-up" unconcernedly, and then sends for the leader of the ladies' orchestra so that he can give her a few tips as to the accompaniment of his song and dance, fragments of which are offered by way of illustration. Another artist is an anæmic girl of the temperamental order who has come to recite something from Browning and is sure she will forget every word of her poem as soon as she reaches the stage. This is an extremely able presentation by Miss Mercia Cameron, who gets her last laugh by the aid of the kindly Bromley Dalmore, who, noticing her extreme pallor, rubs a little rouge on her cheeks as she is going on the platform, so that she looks like a wax doll that has been taken too close to the fire. All this is very funny and very welcome, but, of course, it does not carry the story along very fast or very far.

THEN the plot comes back with a rush. The Hon. Digby Rawes, a member of Lord Robert's family, has been asked by the before-mentioned Duke to keep an eye on the young man, as Lady Conroy seems to be neglecting her chaperoning job. Digby Rawes takes his part in the matter very seriously. He engages a private enquiry agent to dog Lord Robert's footsteps, and learns not only that Lord Robert has been trotting Mrs. Ryecroft about a good deal, but that he was married ten days previously to a veiled lady at the

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded)

local registry. It seems to Digby Rawes that it must be obvious that Robert has married Mrs. Ryecroft, and what will happen now if Major Ryecroft should ever turn up again, he does not like to think. We, however, who have been let into the secret, are not worrying about it at all. As it happens, Mrs. Ryecroft had arranged to run away one evening with her egregious M.P., and it is just upon that evening, of all others, by a blessed coincidence, that Major Ryecroft chooses to turn up at the Conroys to ask if they have seen anything of his wife. Major Ryecroft has the proper military manner. He walks about the room freely employing the big D and the large H, behaving, in fact, less like a major and more like a sergeant-major of ripe experience.

A STRANGE and novel piece of humour is the case of Swabey. He is the private enquiry agent who has been tracking Lord Robert down until he himself has been seized by the throat by the insidious germ of influenza. As Major Ryecroft calls for evidence as to the identity of the lady married to Lord Robert at the registry, Swabey is dragged



from his bed of sickness and half-carried to the house in Mayfair, where, in a state bordering on physical collapse, he is fiercely cross-examined by the terrible Major. At one moment the poor fellow's weakness is such that he slides out of the chair into which he has been placed, and his very limp condition and pathetic helplessness send the house into a paroxysm of laughter. I was a little surprised at myself for laughing at such a scene, but I blush to say I found it extremely amusing. Perhaps it was the clever acting of Mr. Compton Coutts and his comical assumption of complete prostration that set me off, but I was certainly as guilty as the others.

MISS COMPTON, of course, carries the weight of the play on her shoulders, and very successfully gets a laugh almost with every line. Where there is no humour in the words she supplies it by her manner, which is always agreeably amusing. There is a good deal of clever acting in this entertainment, and it will, no doubt, receive a fair measure of popular support. JINGLE

"ALL OUR OWN UNAIDED WORK" By ARTHUR WATTS

VISITOR FROM COUNTRY (*to lecturer at National Gallery who has just concluded a lucid exposition of the Pictures*): "And be they all 'and-done, maister?"

A Lovely Peach on a Lonely Pedestal

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS MARY LEIGH

Who is one of the brightest and most delightful courses on the "Pot Luck" menu at the Vaudeville, which, by the way, is a Charlot confection of the highest excellence with other "appetisers" in the shape of "Bunny" Bannerman and Beatta Lillie, and last, but rather first, that funny frightfully rather Hulbert jolly Jack

A STRING OF PEARLS

BY HOLLOWAY HORN

In the central hall of the Hotel Cavour Mrs. Van-Hoyt was giving one of her famous dances.

Car after magnificent car drew up at the white entrance of the hotel, disgorged its beauty or its wealth, and glided forward into the soft Paris night.

No one noticed Carleton Fenwick arrive; he passed up the thronged staircase and bent over his hostess's hand with calm assurance. He was an extremely presentable young man, with the lean, tanned face of perfect fitness, and a carriage of the shoulders which spoke of strength. Mrs. Van Hoyt beamed upon him, and said she was *so* glad he had been able to come.

In sober fact, she did not know him from Adam, but, at a dance in the Hotel Cavour, the hostess rarely knows all her guests. In any case, Carleton Fenwick was the kind of man that would be welcomed by any hostess at any dance—so far as appearances went. His air and address were perfect; his wonderful assurance had deceived many more subtle persons than pretty, twittering, little Mrs. Van Hoyt. He mingled with the laughing, chattering throng in which Americans, English, French, very obvious Russians, and those belonging to the vague, new, unconvincing nationalities were all represented.

And—even more interesting—those amusing people with no nationality at all.

He found himself talking to an old lady who was a Russian Grand Duchess—or a Czecho-Slovakian countess—something like that, anyway—about the perennial political crisis in Paris, the latest scandalous actress and the latest scandalous memoirs. Whilst he talked he was glancing round the room in that well-bred, bored way which is a part of the modern attitude.

At last the lady for whom he was waiting arrived.

He watched her stop for a few seconds as she greeted her hostess, watched her enter the ballroom, on her millionaire husband's arm.

Carleton Fenwick was not in love with Mrs. Rimmer. Indeed, the lady at his side followed his glance with quiet satisfaction, since her rival in his attention was almost as old as she.

"A charming woman, Mrs. Rimmer," the Grand Duchess said (or perhaps she was merely a Baroness; titles are vague in Paris!).

"Quite!" said Carleton Fenwick.

"And delightfully wealthy," the old lady continued. "I think there is something wildly romantic in not knowing how many *millions* you possess."

"I think one can be too wealthy," Carleton Fenwick said. "There's a point at which mere millions become meaningless . . . indeed, almost boring!"

"Fudge!" said the great lady, playfully. "How can millions be meaningless when they can buy such wonderful pearls as Mrs. Rimmer's? Fancy owning those pearls and not wearing them to-night . . . it's almost ostentatious!"

A little later Fenwick murmured his farewell. In the *foyer* he lit a cigarette, and, casually, in a bored and abstracted way, went up to the first floor, where he took a key from his pocket and let himself into Room 117.

Three days before a bearded Englishman had come to the Hotel Cavour. He had insisted on a room on the first floor, near the middle, and facing south.

Room 117 pleased him; it was more convenient for his purpose than any other room in the hotel.

When Carleton Fenwick let himself into this room, on the night of the dance, he did not expect to find the Englishman there; indeed, he was certain that he would *not* be there. For he and the Englishman were one and the same person. At the moment the beard was carefully reposing in one of the suitcases which Fenwick proceeded to unlock. It contained, besides a most excellent and complete disguise, a compact and very beautifully made burglar's outfit, embodying the very latest professional ideas. He chose one of the implements and crossed to the big window, which opened on to the same balcony as those of the Rimmers' suite. To the nearest of these windows he carefully made his way.

Inside all was still. With the aid of the delicate instrument he had chosen it took him only a few seconds to force the lock.

He listened again intently, but no sound reached him save the rhythmic hum of the great city below.

He entered the room, and silently drew the curtains before he turned on the electric light.

A hurried examination of the big travelling trunks showed that what he sought was not there. Behind one of them he discovered a smaller dressing-case, the beautiful lock of which raised his suspicions—it was too complicated for a mere dressing-case, far too intricate, indeed, for him to waste time in opening it. It was simpler to cut the side of the case out. Inside he found several jewel cases. With one exception, they were empty; but the exception brought a sparkle to Fenwick's eyes. It contained a string of large pearls.

Things could not have turned out more happily for the cracksman . . . and yet he was worried. He could not understand the empty cases. He had seen Mrs. Rimmer not an hour before, and, save for one blazing diamond, she had worn no jewellery of any kind.

Suddenly the solution flashed upon him. Turning the case up he cut the other side out. As he suspected, it revealed a false bottom. The jewels it contained were quickly transferred to his pockets. It was a good night's work, and he turned to the little table where he had placed the case containing the pearls. They gleamed at him from their background of black velvet. He took them up, and examined them closely. He prided himself on his knowledge of the gems and a brief examination told him all that he wanted to know about them. He was on the point of turning to the window by which he had entered, when the

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

(*Continued on page 184*)

S(W)ING HIGH, S(W)ING LOW By Stan Terry

Old Lady: "That's a beautiful old song, dear. It took me back to my childhood's days on my father's farm, and while I listened to your voice, I seemed to hear the old gate creaking in the wind!"

A PREMATURE PAST By Graham Simmons

"My dear, I've got a perfect marvel of a new maid; she's simply everything that one could wish!"
"Really, how long have you had her?"
"Oh, she starts to-morrow!"

"*A STRING OF PEARLS*" (*concluded*)

interruption came. A door at the far side of the room opened; a girl's voice said sharply:

"Hands up!"

He swung round, but instinctively did as the voice bade him. He knew of old that a woman with a revolver is much more dangerous than a man.

Framed in the doorway, the girl was watching him, a quiet smile in her dark eyes.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded.

Carleton Fenwick glanced at the mutilated jewel-case.

"It's fairly obvious, surely?" he said, grimly.

"This is really exciting," the girl said. She was self-possessed, and entirely mistress of the situation.

"Quite!" said the burglar; "quite exciting!"

"My mother will be annoyed when she sees what you have done to her jewel case," she continued. "Tell me," she went on, "tell me why you do this sort of thing?"

He shrugged his shoulders and made no attempt to answer the question. He was watching her closely. For a fraction of a second a ghost of a smile hovered round his lips.

"I am afraid I must have startled you, Miss Rimmer," he said. "I quite thought you would have been downstairs at the dance."

"'The best laid plans,'" the girl lightly quoted, and smiled. "It's just as well I was not," she continued. "Whatever mamma would have said if the Rimmer pearls had been lost I cannot think."

"Hadn't you better ring the bell?" Carleton Fenwick suggested. "You have got me pretty completely, but, sooner or later, I suppose it was bound to come."

The girl did not reply for a moment; she was thinking.

"If I let you go," she said, "will you promise me to reform—to try to give up this kind of thing?"

"No, I won't! If you know anything about life, you will know that a man of my type cannot—what you call—reform. You had better ring the bell."

"But that would be a most ordinary ending," the girl said. "You cannot imagine the thrill it gives me . . . to meet a real live Raffles . . . to stand here covering you with this little revolver, knowing you to be at my mercy, knowing that I can give you into charge . . . the sheer sense of power is exhilarating. You are mine to do with as I like! And I am going to let you go."

"You are very good," he said.

"You are jolly lucky to have met me in this mood, otherwise you would have slept in prison to-night. Now you had better go as you came."

He turned as he reached the window. She had picked up the pearls, but was still covering him with the revolver. He smiled as he turned away, for he was well satisfied with the jewels in his pockets.

The next morning Carleton Fenwick read all about the sensational jewel robbery in the Hotel Cavour. The public, which is intensely interested in the jewellery of such ladies as Mrs. Rimmer, was greatly relieved to learn that the famous Rimmer pearls were safe, although jewellery of very considerable value had been lost. "The thief, or thieves," the report continued, "were evidently not expert, for an expert thief would have known that the pearls which were found in the jewel case, and which were taken with the other jewels, were not the real Rimmer pearls, but exceedingly fine artificial ones which Mrs. Rimmer always takes with her when travelling."

Fenwick chuckled as he read the account, although it contained nothing he did not know.

The moment before the girl had interrupted him he had discovered that the pearls he was examining were fakes. *He also knew (it was his business to know such things) that Mrs. Rimmer had no children at all.*

HOLLOWAY HORN

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

PEACE IN PIECES

We can't help thinking that the sculptor must have made some mistake in the title of the new Statue of Peace set up in Ireland

In My Garden

Photograph *Horace W. Nicholls*

A Garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot,
The veriest school of Peace . . .

—THOMAS BROWN

The Pussy Foot

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

LADY: "What a beastly crush! I think it's disgraceful to ask so many people"
PARTNER *(friend of the house)*: "Yes, hardly room to swing a cat"

The Importance of Being Dressed. By Blanchette

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *April* 17

DEAR COUSIN—

ARE we "useful and beneficent female citizens," I wonder? 'Cos if we are, or want to be, got to be simply frightfully careful about what we wear and how much . . . or how little. 'Cording to the very latest thing in the way of popular Judges, that is

DON'T suppose, really, most of us would ever *want* to have "fifty or sixty expensive dresses in the course of a year." And, as a matter of fact, when no less an arbiter of fashion than Lady Alexander talks about eighteen frocks and a dozen hats per annum as a possible basis of negotiations, so to speak, quite conceivable that just a few of us might do on even less. Though, as every time *she* goes to a party—and she's at all of 'em—she, anyway, *looks* as if she'd got on a new frock *and* hat . . . but that's by the way.

JUST think of it. The very idea of a MAN—and a lawyer at that—being allowed to dictate to US about how many frocks we may wear or what we're to pay for them! It doesn't really matter a bit whether he says five frocks or fifty or five hundred a year are a "justifiable" allowance. It's the perfectly colossal and monumental nerve of their daring to fix a figure for us at all. . . .

HOW would *they* like it if (when we have women judges, which at the present rate of going ought to be quite soon) *we* determined, by solemn judgment of the Queen's Bench Division, confirmed by the Lady Justices of Appeal, that more than, say, a dozen bottles of Bollinger or twenty Corona Coronas a week were "not the mark of a gentleman"? Or lavishly backing losers "not a necessity to honourable rank"?

OF course, one of the troubles is that no man, even the most understanding, really properly appreciates the simply 'normous importance, even from his own point of view, of the great battle-cry of Frocks for Women—and lots of 'em. Ever and ever so much more important than Votes for Women . . . especially as we can only have one each of *them*.

AND what *can* you expect of Judges (and bachelor ones to boot) who actually ask silly questions like "What is a camisole?" and that sort of thing?

"Marjorie Moss and Georges Fontana at the Embassy"

"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING DRESSED" (*concluded*)

Let's hope p'raps the fact that even Princess Mary—now happily back amongst us—bought no less than *seventeen frocks and ten hats* in Paris will help to bring them to a better and more reasonable frame of mind.

"His ration of Coronas and Bollinger"

ALL for their own good, too, as I was saying. I mean, after all, men can't get on without us, however much they may coerce us (I don't think). And even the most masterful and brutally coercive of them does like a bit of peace in the home, and everything for the best in the best of all possible worlds, and all that sort of thing, don't they? And however *are* we to be at our best and do them credit, whether on the domestic hearth or at places where we lunch and dine and dance, if we aren't properly kept up to the mark by an *ad lib.* allowance of that well-known Woman's Universal Tonic—clothes? I ask you.

TALKING about clothes, and the various varieties thereof, I was simply fascinated at Covent Garden the other night by the perfectly enchanting green trousers with white stripes as worn by Lopokova in one of the Russian Ballet dances there. Called a Diavolino, this particular effort was, by Strauss—who, by the way, seems to be still going strong and fresh, spite of the way Sir Charles Stanford and people have been running him down lately. More lovely trousers, too (red this time), in a Chimarosa Pas de Deux . . . but I mustn't recommend trousers, too, must I, besides all the rest, or they'll be appointing a real live Royal Commission on Dress Bills before we know where we are?

IN our way, though, I do believe we've got, anyway, quite our portion of sentiment to keep us going through the drab realities of ordinary life—what? Witness the copious weeps at that drama of sentiment - gone - rather - astray, the Pinero *Enchanted Cottage*, at the Duke of York's, with Owen Nares, the flappers' idol, making a half-hearted attempt to look quite plain, and charming Laura Cowie doing ditto (just shows how much more clever as well as self-sacrificing women are, doesn't it?) with complete success.

WHICH reminds me, somehow, of a lovely dinner I had the other night at the new Sherry's Restaurant—I suppose because the Pommery was so soft and soothing—with a visit to the Midnight Follies at the Metropole to follow. Where, too, there was delightful dancing, and "turns" by lots of the stars, including an impromptu one by Sophie Tucker, the blonde and smiling "Marie Lloyd of America," who fairly brought down the house, and—of course—further soothing potions in gold and pink to smooth down any more little lumps that emotion (or the rigours of an English spring) might have brought to one's throat.

"Backing Losers"

WHY is it, I wonder, that these pink and gold somethings (well iced) do seem to help so at dances? Simply 'normous success, I hear, at the Empress Rooms—the latest new mode they've just adopted of serving cocktails with the dance-teas, very moment the mystic hour of five-thirty has chimed forth from the ancient belfries of the Royal borough of Kensington. And as for "cups," don't think we ever guessed how lovely they *could* be till these dance-everywhere-and-every-night days, when wise dance-manager men have made 'em into positively a fine art

QUITE one of the best *I've* tried—shan't describe it to you, 'cos it makes me thirsty even to think of it—was at that very charming new St. James's Club at Rumpelmayer's, in St. James's Street, where they dance three nights a week to the strains of a very pleasing band, and have tango competitions and things, at one of which the other night met (as judges this time) that featheriest of dancers, Marjorie Moss, and her slim and graceful partner, Georges Fontana, who have just started at the Embassy after a long tour abroad, and are, methinks, just about *the* best dancing couple here in England now. Which is saying quite a good deal, these universal dancing times—what?

THEY are, by the way, also judging the finals of the 1922 London Fox Trot and Waltz Competitions, which are being held at those delightful Grafton Galleries on Monday, the 24th, as ever is. The ball itself is in aid of St. Dunstan's—need I say more? except that tickets can be had of the Hon. Organiser, 46, Dover Street, W.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

Ballet Russe at Covent Garden

"FANATICS OF PLEASURE"

Photographs *Stage Photo Co.*

The new series of *divertissements* by M. Leonide Massine, Mme. Lydia Lopokova and other members of the Russian Ballet, which appeared recently at the Alhambra Theatre, restores the Opera House to its pristine atmosphere, although a film is still shown before the curtain rises on the dancers. The mechanical movements of Lopokova and Massine which accompany Stravinsky's "Ragtime" will either drive you from the theatre or keep you to your seat in uncontrolled merriment. The other "numbers" are less Stravinsky and more Ballet.

Photograph *Sport and General*

A GROUP TAKEN AFTER THE BIG 4-MILE RELAY RACE

At Queen's Club. Cambridge were first, Pennsylvania University second, and Oxford last. Seated—H. B. Stallard (C); E. McLane (P); E. D. Mountain (C); J. Herr, S. Kerr, and L. A. Brown (P); W. R. Seagrove (C); and W. R. Milligan (O). Among those standing are W. G. Tatham (C); E. P. Hewetson, C. M. Weekly and G. M. Bruxner (O); and Lord Desborough (centre).

Photograph *Sport and General*

SEAGROVE SENDS STALLARD AWAY

With a 40 yards lead for Cambridge in the last mile of the big Relay Race above referred to. Stallard, in spite of the plucky running of Brown, the Pennsylvania Captain, who was faced with an impossible task, finished up (going "all out") a hundred yards ahead of him

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE SCHOOLBOY HOMEWARD PLOUGHS HIS WEIR-Y WAY

A competitor climbs the weir towards the finish of the cross-country (cross-channel as well?) race at the Bradfield College Athletic Sports

Photograph *L.N.A.*

A THRILLING DEAD-HEAT IN THE QUARTER-MILE

Between G. J. Bryan (R.M.A.) and G. T. Denaro (R.M.C.) in the Annual Athletic Sports contest between the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, at Aldershot. Sandhurst were the winners by 5½ events to 3½

Photograph *Sport and General*

A HURDLER OF MERIT

I. N. McTubbs (Eton), winner of the hurdles for Sandhurst against Woolwich. The field was a good one and he did well to win by three yards in $17^{1}/_{5}$ secs.

SPORT of the WEEK

As Seen by the Camera

Photograph A BRAVE MAN STRUGGLING WITH ADVERSITY *[Sport and General*

P. C. Quilter makes a good shot on his way to the ninth green at Sunningdale in the final of the competition among the West End social and political clubs for the Challenge Cup presented by the Bath Club and represented by himself and Capt. A. G. Pearson. They were beaten by the Buck's Club by eight holes up and six to play. In the third round the winners had a very tough match with the Garrick Club (B. Darwin and H. D. Gillies) who took them to the nineteenth hole, and in the semi-final the Royal Automobile Club (S. H. Fry and D. Stonor Crowther) were only beaten by one hole

Photograph *Topical*

NICELY TAKEN

By the camera-man as well as by the jumper, A. R. Bromley-Davenport is here seen winning the high jump at the Manchester Grammar School Athletic Sports

Photograph *Sport and General*

MRS. E. B. BAYLISS

Winner, for the third year in succession, of the Midland Ladies' Golf Championship, recently held on the Sandwell Park course, near Birmingham

Photograph *Sport and General*

LORD CHARLES HOPE and R. WETHERED

Winners, for the Buck's Club, of the West End Social and Political Club's tournament at Sunningdale, to which further reference is made above. They have both returned recently from the Riviera

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE IRISH RUGBY FOOTBALL INTERNATIONAL FIFTEEN

Who, in the last International Match of the season, beat France in Paris by a goal and a penalty goal to a try. They had previously been beaten by Wales, England and Scotland, so that this belated, and perhaps somewhat unexpected, success was all the more welcome

Femina

ON PAINTING A BATH

BY MRS. M. VINCE

THERE is nothing so uninviting in a strange house as a bath with worn or discoloured paint, and the astonishing thing is that there are so many otherwise well-kept houses in which one finds such baths. The reason is that the paint of the bath has more destructive usage than the paint on any other part of the house. The very hot water which is poured on to it and the soap and the grease in the water are all destructive of paint. Then there are the brown stains from dripping taps, which no amount of cleaning will remove. Finally, the constant cleaning which a bath needs helps to wear the paint away, and by the time you have reached the point where the paint has begun to crack off, the bath is beyond treatment by amateur hands—although I have known people who hopefully tried dabs of enamel on the raw places, and only made their bath more uninviting than ever.

BY the time that stage is reached the only satisfactory thing is to have the bath taken out and sent away to be repainted and "stoved," that is to say, painted with a special paint which is hardened by being treated in a very high heat. This is expensive. Moreover, it means that you will be without your bath for three or four weeks.

IF you are to avoid that, and at the same time to have a bath that always looks clean and good, the only thing is to make a habit of repainting it every year, just as one has the curtains down and the carpets up. The reason why it is a good plan to make the painting of the bath a regular thing is that if you leave it until you think it really necessary, you are almost certain to leave it too long. Once the paint has begun to chip off it cannot be properly painted without removing all the paint.

AS a matter of fact, painting a bath is quite simple and inexpensive if you know how to do it and do it with reasonable care. There are three stages to the work—cleaning, painting, and varnishing, and the golden rule in this, as in all painting, is *not to be in a hurry*. Leave the paint time to dry and harden.

IT is very important to get the bath absolutely clean and free from all grease. Scrubbing with soap and water and then with a brush dipped in powdered pumice stone is the way to clean it. When it is clean it must be absolutely dry before it is painted. The best course is to leave it for twenty-four hours. And make sure that there is no drip from the taps.

IN the actual painting the great thing is to lay on the paint in as thin coats as possible, for the thinner they are the less chance has the hot water to crack them. For this reason one uses a paint without any oil in it. It is called by painters "sharp colour," and it is for this that one must ask. It dries without any gloss, looking, indeed, more like whitewash than like paint. Three coats at most are enough, and if the bath is done regularly every year two will be ample. This thin paint dries quickly; but here, again, one should not be in a hurry. The paint should have twelve hours between each coat, which gives it time not only to dry, but to harden.

THE final process is to varnish, and ordinary varnish is of no use, for it will not resist hot water. There is a special bath varnish which one should get, and, like all varnishes, must be kept well corked, for when exposed to the air it quickly gets a skin on it. This also must be applied very thinly, with only the point of the brush dipped into it, and the brush used very lightly and in only one direction. The varnish needs more care than the paint, because, as it is almost colourless, one may easily leave spaces unvarnished unless one watches closely. One, or at most two coats are enough.

IT is much better to do a bath in this way than by the quicker process of using an enamel, which is the paint and varnish combined, for not only is the thicker substance of enamel harder for an untrained hand to apply, but also it gives a thicker surface, which is much more likely to crack under the heat of the water. Even if one leaves plenty of time for drying, to paint and varnish takes only four days.

IF every household painted its baths once a year in this way there would be many fewer of those baths which one enters with hesitation and leaves as quickly as possible.

M. V.

Photograph *Claude Harris*

NINETTE DE VALOIS

By appearing in the Russian Ballet at Covent Garden Theatre, Miss Ninette de Valois returns to the scene of her notable success in grand opera. That was during the season of 1919, when, as principal dancer, she won unstinted praise for her work in "Aida," "Louise," "Nail," "Thais," and "La Traviata." In the present season she dances in a trifle, "Cupidon," to the music of Gounod

"Old Bill, M.P."

Photograph *Hana Studios*

EDMUND GWENN IN CAPTAIN BAIRNSFATHER'S NEW PLAY

Produced this week at the Golders Green Empire, Captain Bruce Bairnsfather should have as great a success with this play as with its predecessor, "The Better 'Ole." The famous whiskered warrior is the central figure of a lively drama which takes him through as many diverting and exciting scenes as he experienced in his amusing and successful career in the Army. "Old Bill, M.P.," should top your theatre visit list

RACING·NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

Not Entered

THIS is a curious season with regard to the classic races, for it so happens that Collaborator and Sicyon, who are probably the best three-year-old colts in training, do not find a place in the entries for the Guineas, Derby, or St. Leger. I imagine that Sir William Cooke viewed Collaborator's remarkable victory in the Craven Stakes with mixed feelings. There was, of course, justifiable pride in the ownership and breeding of such a smashing colt. But there was also regret that the colt can never make the attempt to place his name among the classic heroes of the Turf. There was, again, astonishment not unmingled with chagrin that Collaborator should have revealed this startling form. For you must know that Sir William does not hesitate to have a good bet when he feels confidence. This time he had the merest trifle on the colt. "What a chance to have missed!" he remarked, mournfully to a friend after the race.

In a Quandary

THE average breeder and owner of bloodstock usually finds himself in a bit of a quandary when the time comes for entering his yearlings in important races. Parsimony in this direction is generally regarded as a mistake, but the difficulty is to know where to draw the line. There are so many attractive stakes to make entries for, and if you have a big string of yearlings you wonder how many are worth while giving a good chance to. Take the case of Sir William Cooke. He put three of his yearlings in the Derby, but as luck would have it he came to the unhappy decision that it would not be worth while entering Collaborator. Nor is he the first breeder by a long way to make a similar blunder.

Photograph L. N. A.

WELL OVER!

Mr. Justice Roche takes an early fence in the Heavy-Weight Race at the Bar Point-to-Point at Edenbridge, which was held in conjunction with the Old Surrey and Burstow Hunt races. Mr. Justice Roche finished fourth behind another of his horses, Darkie, Mr R. R. Reeve, K.C., up

A Suggestion

IN many respects it is unfortunate that the Derby should close so long—nearly two years—before the date of the race. We all like to see the best colt of the year prove himself equal to winning the Derby, but under prevailing conditions it sometimes happens that the real champion has to stand down. I wonder whether a system of post entries would work in connection with the Derby. An owner might be allowed to enter a colt for the race three months before its date for a fee of, say, £100 over and above the usual cost of subscription. I dare say there are objections to this scheme, but I know that something of the sort is in operation in connection with several of the big races in France. It seems to me that a system of this sort would certainly eliminate some of the luck which at present inevitably attaches to the winning of the Derby. I commend the notion to the attention of the powers that be at Epsom.

The "City"

ALL roads will lead to the scene of the City and Suburban on Wednesday, for it is undoubtedly one of the most popular handicaps of the year. Owing to holiday time I have to write some time before the day of issue, and as these lines leave me Granely is a very warm favourite. The inference seems to be that he and not Leighton will be the representative of Mr. Cottrill's successful stable. That arrangement strikes me as being very sensible, for while Granely is fully penalised for his success at Lincoln, his weight is still reasonable at 8 st., and I fancy the handicapper would like to put a bit more on his back if he had the chance. Leighton will have other chances a little later. He can run, for example, in the Victoria Cup at Hurst Park on the 29th inst., a journey which should exactly suit him.

Paragon's Chance

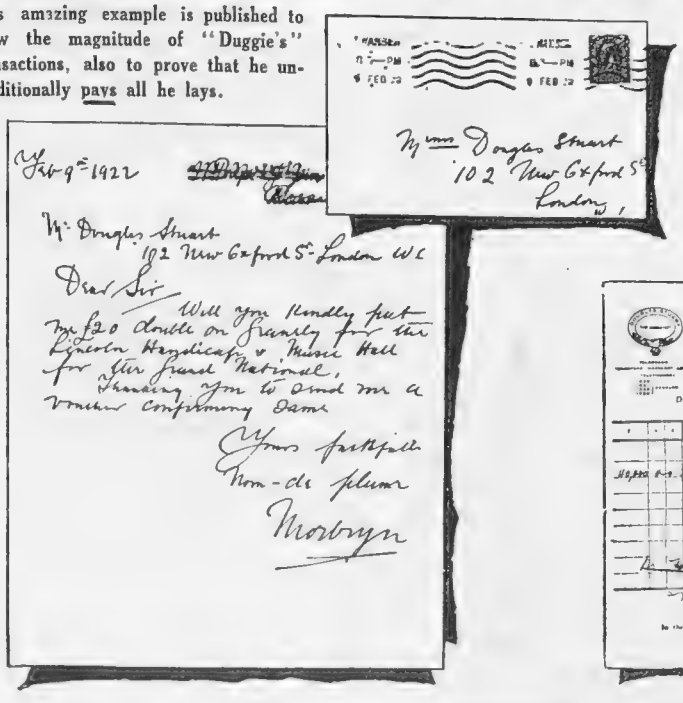
ALTHOUGH nobody can overlook Granely's first-class chance at Epsom I doubt whether he is going to have things all his own way. I have an idea that Paragon is an ideal horse for this course, and though he has a formidable job in attempting to give 14 lb. to Granely I believe that it will be a near thing between him and the favourite. As you know, Paragon is an old friend of ours, and did us some good turns last year, so I do not like leaving him out. Evander is said to be much fancied, and I am keeping a special eye on Tremola. But I shall make **Paragon** my selection, taking TREMOLA as my second string.

Sandown Selections

AFTER Epsom we have three excellent days' sport at Sandown Park, the Saturday being, as usual at this meeting, confined to National Hunt racing. The Esher Cup, which usually produces a high-class field, will be the attraction on Thursday, and here I shall go for **Lord of Burghley.** The Twickenham Handicap on the same afternoon may go to **Littledale.** Friday's programme bristles with good things. Some smart sprinters will be seen in the Athlone Handicap, in which I shall not be surprised to see **Francis Joseph** carry his penalty successfully. The Stud Produce Stakes may go to **Blazoner,** who is, perhaps, the best youngster seen out so far, while **Hebrides** may win the Tudor Plate.

£40,000 "DOUBLE" WON!

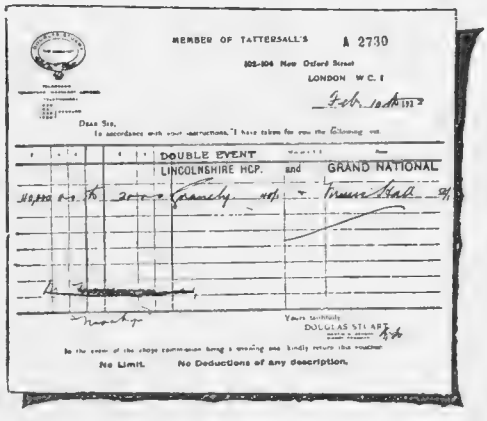
This amazing example is published to show the magnitude of "Duggie's" transactions, also to prove that he unconditionally pays all he lays.

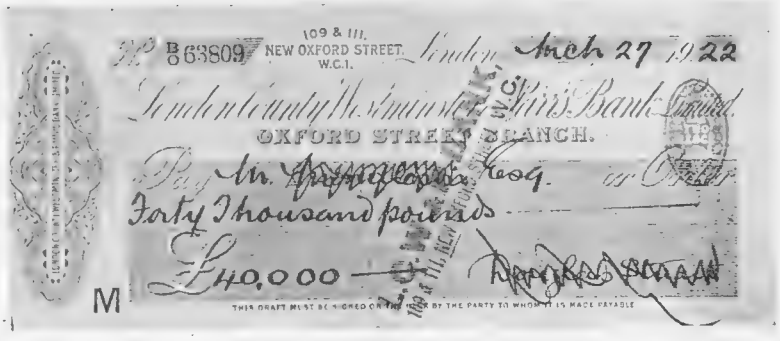


LINCOLN & NATIONAL

(Granely and Music Hall)

FACTS





THE ACTUAL instructions, cheque paid by my Bank, and "Duggie's" Voucher respecting the wager have been examined by the Editors of the Sporting Press.

Extracts from Leading Morning Papers:

Among the luckiest and also the pluckiest of those who managed to back the Lincolnshire Handicap and Grand National Winners in a "double" is a Swansea business man with a haul of £40,000. Having "spotted" Granely he stood the thing out, refusing to hedge a penny over Music Hall. The bet, a single one, was laid by Douglas Stuart, of New Oxford Street, London, and is believed to be by far the largest of such wagers on the "spring double" which came off trumps.

The same well-known commission agent received from another sagacious client a wager reading thus: "Pound each way Gentleman, Bethersden Marble, and Regent's Park; three pound doubles." This transaction showed a profit—to the backer—of £775 5s.

We have seen the original letter and wire of instructions relating to both bets, and also Mr. Douglas Stuart's cheque for £40,000 and the lucky backer's endorsement thereon.

THE LESSON IS—WRITE TO-DAY AND OPEN A CREDIT ACCOUNT

Douglas Stuart

New Oxford St., London.

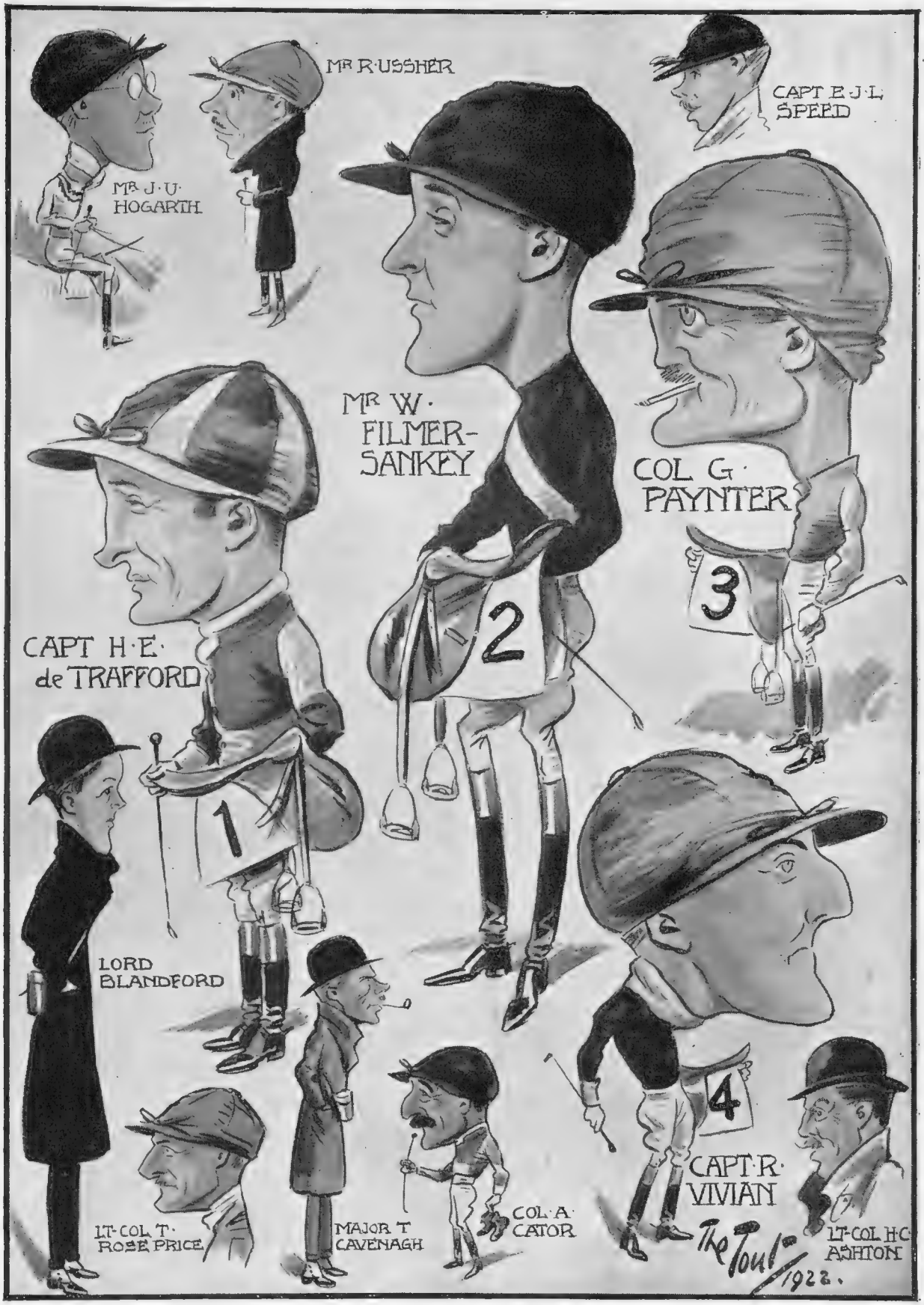
"Duggie NEVER owes"—Sporting Times.

BUCHANAN'S
SCOTCH WHISKY

"BLACK & WHITE"

THE Largest Stocks of old matured Scotch Malt Whisky are held by James Buchanan and Co. Ltd. and Associated Companies, which enable them to maintain their pre-War standard of age and quality.

The Household Brigade "Big Four"



BY "THE TOUT"

SOME CELEBRITIES AT THE HAWTHORN HILL 'CHASES

The Household Brigade 'Chases at Hawthorn Hill this year was a mackintosh meeting, but despite bad weather there was a packed paddock. Captain Humphrey de Trafford, Colonel George Paynter and Captain R. Vivian, as well as Mr. Filmer-Sankey, who all rode winners at Hawthorn, have had matters pretty well their own way at the soldiers' meetings this season, thanks largely to capable horsemanship and the right kind of cattle

Wanted: A Lubricant

FOR THE WHEELS OF ENGLISH LAWN TENNIS

To the expansion of lawn tennis there is—at present, at any rate—no end. This year's list of open tournaments is bigger than ever. The total number of meetings of one sort and another is just short of 170, and to these must be added Scotland's sixteen which are now given a list to themselves. The season, since tournaments on covered and hard courts must now be regarded as forming a legitimate and by no means unimportant part of it, has already begun, and it will last until the third week of October. The grass season, which is still the season proper to a big majority of the game's devotees, will open (as usual) at Surbiton (May 22–27) and finish at Eastbourne (September 11–20). In between those two dates there will often be a dozen or more tournaments going on concurrently in different parts of the kingdom; in one week in July there will be as many as seventeen. Nor is it very likely that these will prove to be too many if we may judge from what happened last year when it was quite a common thing for a tournament to be so overloaded with entries as to be well-nigh unworkable. The new tournaments should serve as useful "overflow" meetings, whilst those already in being will be all the better off for not being so big. But this, even if my surmise is correct, does not really affect the point which I am anxious to emphasise.

Quantity versus Quality

I WISH I could think that this increase in the number of open tournaments will mean an improvement in the standard of play among the young players to whom we shall have to look in the future to uphold the honour of British lawn tennis. But I am afraid that it is not so. Rather will it have the opposite effect. There was a time when to enter for a tournament was about the best way of improving one's game; but in those days the proportion of first-rate players to those who were only just ordinarily good was greater than it is now. Besides which tournaments were far fewer in number. It is the quality, and not the quantity, of one's opponents that matters. Yet there is so much enjoyment in tournament play that as long as the tournaments are there the coming player will always enter for them.

The Menace of Mediocrity

THIS being so it seems to me very essential that something should be done to give the good players a better chance of improving their game by tournament play than they get at present. In order to advance a player must compete for the most part against opponents who are equal to, or better than, himself; he will not advance if more than half the matches he plays are against weaker players. Moreover he is quite likely to find the winning of a match, or a couple of matches, with ease a positive handicap when he comes to play a hard one. I have watched several young players of distinct promise during the past two seasons. They have all got to a certain point and stuck there, because tournament play nowadays makes for mediocrity.

BY VICTOR HICKS

AN OBSTINATE GALATEA

PYGMALION PADDY: "Is she *iver* going to come to loife?"

An American Antidote—

THE time is, I believe, at hand when we shall realise the necessity of separating the sheep from the goats by the institution of first-grade and second-grade events or by some similar process of selection. In America they are fully alive to the levelling effect produced by competitions to which all and sundry are admitted, and a number of their tournaments are "invitation" tournaments, that is to say they are restricted to a certain number of players of proved ability who are invited to compete, with the addition, possibly, of a few youngsters who are likely to "train on" in good company. At these meetings every competitor gets a chance of improving his game, if it is at all capable of improvement, and knows that he must be at concert pitch all the time, which is good for him. There is no fear of his having to play Tilden in the afternoon after having slacked about against some nonentity to whom he can give 30 in the morning; whilst, on the other hand, since the entries are not numerous, there is little risk of a player being overworked. His matches may all be hard ones; but he gets a decent interval for rest and recuperation in between them. This is one reason why the standard of play in America is as high as it is.

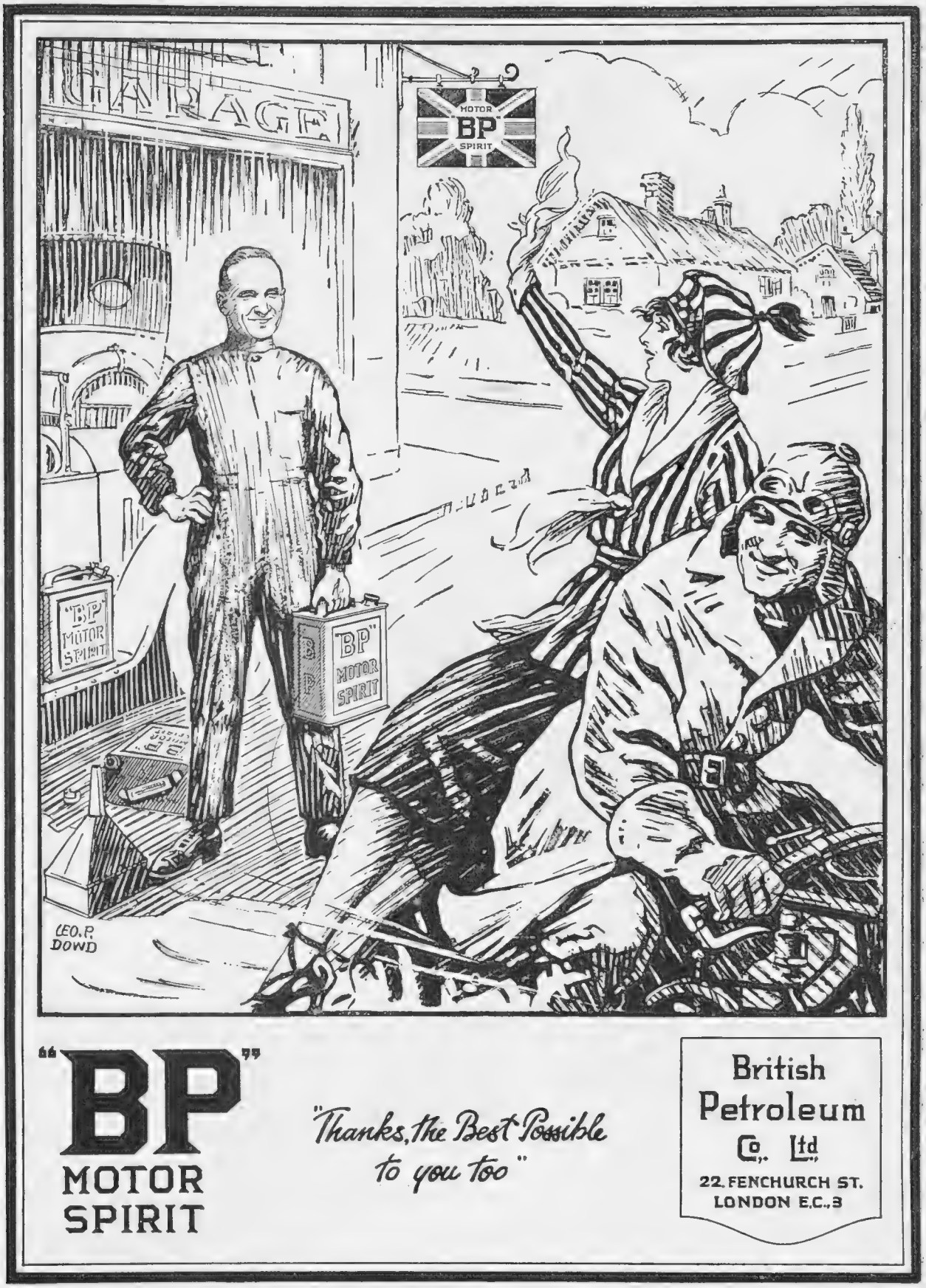
—To be Tried in England

I AM glad for this reason to see that the Roehampton Club are making their summer meeting this year an "invitation" meeting. I await the result of the experiment with interest, though I have little, if any, doubt that it will be a success. The tournament comes in the week immediately preceding Wimbledon and last year it received such a colossal entry that the getting through of it (even in uninterruptedly fine weather and with a large number of courts available) was a veritable *tour de force*. I doubted at the time whether the Wimbledon entrants who survived to the end of it were not doing themselves more harm than good. This year, however, with the entry restricted both as regards quantity and quality, and with good management, nobody will have too much play, and all the play there is will be good. A better dress rehearsal for Wimbledon could, in fact, hardly be devised.

The Best Way Out

THE drawback of the "invitation" form of tournament is, of course, that it leaves the weaker brethren uncatered for. For this reason its adoption can never become general. Moreover, to "run" an invitation tournament successfully you must be assured of a good "gate," because your entries are limited and probably insufficient in themselves to make the tournament pay. I think, therefore, that for general purposes, the grading of players will provide the most satisfactory remedy for the existing state of affairs. It will mean that the confirmed "rabbit" will for ever be denied the fleeting joy of snatching a game or two from the player of high degree. But that I am afraid cannot be helped if we are out for efficiency and for the ultimate recapture of the Davis Cup. The wheels of English lawn tennis have simply *got* to be greased somehow.

H. S. S.



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"Thanks, the Best Possible to you too"

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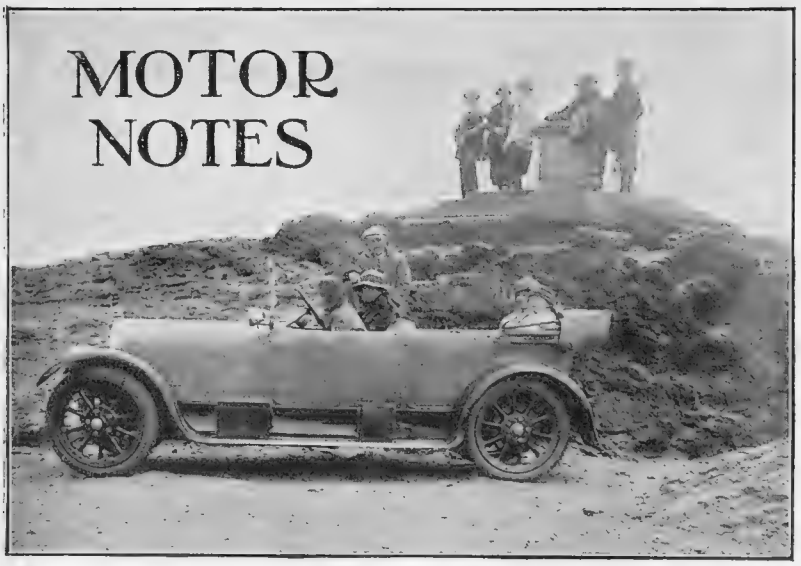


RIGHT ON TOP

An interesting photograph of a Wolseley Fifteen at the top of the Worcestershire Beacon. In the background is the "toposcope" marking the highest point of the Malvern Hills. The car took the rough ascent to the top of the hill without the slightest difficulty

THE Automotive Products Company, of Berners Street, London, W., have issued a useful little book, which they title the *Timken Axle Primer*. It is a non-technical treatise on the design and construction of motor-car axles, and brings to the motoring reader's mind why the axles are so important, and, therefore, the need to see they are rightly constructed and of sound material. To quote the booklet, "you cannot afford to take one chance in a million of axle trouble. It is the Timken policy to eliminate that one chance in a million." Consequently—but, there, the answer is obvious. I like these little propaganda brochures, as there is a vast amount of real useful information in them, if I may write in American style, though I often wonder what sort of thing is useful and yet not real. Anyway, I recommend a perusal of this booklet, which only requires a postcard to get it in your hands quickly. The average owner will find many useful hints.

* * *

THE value of current criticism of "something new" is often discounted in time by the fact that what appears at first sight to be extraordinary becomes acceptable, and even desirable, when use has taken the edge off novelty. A case in point is the design of the bonnet of the Armstrong-Siddeley six-cylinder cars. When the then new model made its first appearance at Olympia in October, 1919, the critics were almost universal in their condemnation of it. It was described as ugly, ill-proportioned, and so on. Perhaps it was only that it was unusual. However that may be, it is quite certain that now—a little less than two and a half years after, when Armstrong-Siddeley six-cylinders are seen in large numbers in daily use—all over the British Isles nearly every observer admires them as much for their handsome appearance and graceful proportions as for their silence and the evident ease with which they are managed.

* * *

BRITISH workmen and workwomen, too, will be glad to learn that General Motors, Ltd., are now going to assemble the Buick, the Chevrolet, the Oldsmobile, and the Oakland cars in the new works at Hendon from the parts manufactured in Canada by Canadian labour. Who, after this, is going to ask for a reduction of the import duties on motor-cars? Here we have the second biggest organisation in the motor manufacturing world in the U.S.A. putting capital into the Old Country to no inconsiderable extent so as to make the business thoroughly effective. Also, the agents of these cars will now be able to get their supplies without fail, or long delay, a convenience and a great help to their business, which was sadly needed in the past. In fact, whereas there was a time when U.S.A. car agencies were eagerly snapped up, during the past two years they have been in no wonderful demand. The greater number of British workpeople actively engaged in motor-making the better for motoring and motor-users. Also, I firmly believe that the time will come when we shall be able to compete against the world in this industry just as successfully as our cotton-spinners. A little training assembling parts made in Canada will help all concerned to realise that they might be putting together the same made in this country if they would put their shoulders to the wheel to get output at the lowest possible cost in wages, for the actual material costs less here than overseas.

* * *

I AM glad that our Prince left India well satisfied with the wonderful service given by the Crossley cars used by himself and his Staff in that tour. "Not a single hitch throughout tour" is the latest cablegram from the Crossley's resident representative in India. Bravo! Manchester. The Prince is showing his practical appreciation in their behaviour by taking two 19.6 h.p. Crossleys with him in the *Renown* to Japan. As the Indian cars had to traverse country sometimes where rough roads and even no roads proper existed, it speaks well for the staunch qualities of Crossleys that no mechanical breakdowns occurred on the trip.

* * *

HOW often one hears of motor-drivers grumbling of want of room to pass the steering-wheel of their car in getting in on the driver's side. Why more owners do not insist upon having the "More-Room" steering-wheel upon the steering column must be because they cannot have heard of it. It is well worth the couple of guineas or so that it costs, as it gives a further 8 inches of space beyond that of the ordinary fixed type common to most cars. Eight inches added to the width of inlet and outlet room is, indeed, more room, and it is obtained by the wheel sliding up a central slot of its diameter. It is also very light, as it is made of aluminium, while anybody can fit it. There is nothing to get out of order, and looks jolly smart as well. I expect that though there are some 200,000 in use that in a short while few cars will be seen without a "More Room" steering-wheel. But if I was Captain Simmons, the chairman of the London Industrial and Trade Development Company, Ltd., at 44, Kingsway, W.C. 2, who make these in England, I should "axe" that title a bit shorter, and call the firm the Comfort Steering-Wheel Company.

OLD HY.

SIR CHARLES HIGHAM, M.P., AND HIS NEW ROLLS

Sir Charles Higham's new 1922 Rolls-Royce, which is the latest model from this famous firm's works. The body is an example of the fine coachbuilding of Messrs. Hooper and Co.

ROLLS-ROYCE

"THE car was taken from rest to nearly seventy miles an hour on its top gear, and for every purpose of our journey might well have had no other . . . . . Our travel was one of smooth acceleration and deceleration . . . . . with silence under the bonnet and a calm inside the car that spoke eloquently of perfect condition and balance in the engine and a suspension which neither speed nor pothole could jar."

The Field, February 18th. 1922.

THE WORLD'S BEST CAR.

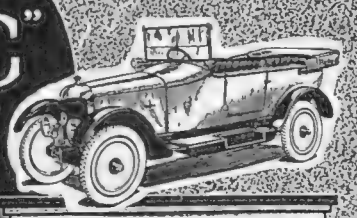
ROLLS-ROYCE LTD.,
15, Conduit Street, London, W.1.

Telegrams: Rolhead, Picc, London.

Telephone: Mayfair 6040 (4 lines).

The Amazing

"A-C" Light Car
"Worth more than any Other"



Not only worth more than any other, but it is "The World's Best Light Car."

Its reliability and lasting qualities are proved facts. Private owners have testified to covering 10,000 miles without spending a penny on repairs.

Its speed records prove it to be beyond doubt "The most reliable Light Car in the World," and the most comfortable.

In appearance and finish it is unrivalled.

Full range of models always on view

Prices from £495.

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'Phone: Langham 1403. Works: Thames Ditton, England.
Address of nearest Agent on request.

'Ranee' Pearls

Ranee Pearls with Jewelled Clasp (pearl, emerald, sapphire or ruby centre).

'A' QUALITY
Length 16 inches
£3.3.0
24 ins. long, 5 Gns
30 ins. long, 7 Gns

SUPER QUALITY
Length 16 inches
£4.4.0
24 ins. long, 7 Gns
30 ins. long, 10 Gns

Clasp No. 19, 5/6
Clasp No. 20, 10/6
Clasp No. 21, 12/6
Clasp No. 22, 21/-
Clasp No. 23, 42/-
Clasp No. 33, 25/-

All genuine Ranee Pearls bear the Ranee Tab

COMPARISON of Ranee Pearls with other imitation pearls, or, better still, with real pearls, can but serve to emphasise the overwhelming superiority of Ranee Pearls in the one case and their amazing verisimilitude in the other. The beauties of genuine deep-sea gems have been reproduced in Ranee Pearls so faithfully as to deceive the most experienced eye.

Send for a selection of Ranee Pearls on approval.

Obtainable only from the Fancy Jewellery Section at

HARRODS Ltd
LONDON SW1

Ye Ken! It's PLAYER'S

"Ye'll kill yersel' Jock," cried Mrs. McTurk.
"Ye smoke a' the week, and ye chew in the Kirk.
Ev'n at Prayers."
"Haud yer tongue" answered Jock, "A'm as sweet as a nut.
"For the 'baccy I smoke is the best Navy Cut,
And it's Players."

Probably there are not many smokers of the present generation who will remember this advertisement, which first appeared in 1896. It is reproduced because of its excellence and to remind the public that PLAYER'S NAVY CUT TOBACCO AND CIGARETTES are more popular than ever.

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. P.972

FASHION'S FANCIES

BY MRS. JACK MAY

Sports and Summer Frocks

GIVEN only the time and the requisite live interest with which to appreciate, together with the necessary banking account or credit wherewith to acquire them, there can only be one verdict on the new spring models, to the effect that they are not only good, but very good and desirable. Indeed, it may safely be said they have never been better.

There is, for example, Madame Barri, 31, Baker Street, just back from Paris to verify this statement with a budget of news and some wonderful models, notable among which are a range of sports suits, the like of which we have never seen before. These are machine-knitted, a far more satisfactory procedure, be it said, than hand-knitting, the machine producing much closer work when required, and, also, more delicate and elaborate patternings. The close work, for instance, is apparent in the skirt to the suit illustrated, the lower half from the knees being subjected to a brushed-up process.

This exceedingly fascinating three-piece suit is carried out in a tender canary-yellow, the short jumper composed of silk and wool in a fine fancy open-work stitch, bordered with a pointed trimming of closer knitting. The latter, again, occurs on the coat-cloak, quite one of the most delightful easy slip-on wraps the sports-woman could desire, and, at the same time, one of surpassing elegance. It is a suit, too, that is obtainable in several other colours, and Madame Barri, with her customary foresight, has made arrangements whereby special orders can be executed in the short space of three weeks or thereabouts. The price complete is 13 guineas.

A BECOMING SUIT

This very charming three-piece suit is carried out in tender canary-yellow, the short jumper composed of silk and wool in a fine fancy open-work stitch, bordered with a pointed trimming of closer knitting

Sketched at Madame Barri's by Betty Nisbet

Pretty Frocks for Girls

THEY have ideas, these girls of ours, to-day, who, as the poet puts it, "stand with reluctant feet" on how they should be dressed, and, generally speaking, they show extremely good sense and taste. Having no need, they have no desire to ape their elders, a line of conduct in which they are most ably upheld by Elizabeth, South Molton Street, that well-known partisan of young folk. The spring show here is verily replete with attractions and distractions, and, of course, Elizabeth has secured the latest novelty in figured cottons, that has come to share favour with, if not actually rival, cretonne, and the simple artistic manner in which this fabric is being handled is shown in the adjoined picture. The long, slightly shaped bodice is just a little early Victorian in suggestion, and is piped, as are also the pockets and the skirt, with old blue, a *nuance*

AN ARTISTIC FROCK

A charming frock of Victorian suggestion in figured cotton. The long, slightly shaped bodice is piped, as are also the pockets and the skirt, with old blue, a nuance picked out of the quaint wallpaper design on the cotton

Sketched at Elizabeth's by Betty Nisbet

picked out of the quaint wallpaper design on the cotton.

Elizabeth is likewise responsible for the shady hat of white sponge cloth, the brim underlined and the crown swathed with old blue. Most original, also, is the way an ordinary blue and white striped zephyr is handled, the straight, elongated corsage arranged in sections, the stripes running horizontally and narrowly piped with white *piqué*, the skirt made up the reverse way and similarly piped round with two lines of *piqué*, a narrow black patent leather belt and a black threaded ribbon cravat at the neck imparting touches of distinction.

The Coiffure Asset

THERE is nothing more calculated to add to one's age or detract from other youthful attributes than an ill-arranged head. A becoming *coiffure* is truly the crowning glory of a woman's appearance. As Emile, of Conduit Street, rightly puts it, the degree of care a woman gives to her head indicates her individuality. And these days one can be extraordinarily individual, more particularly where the disposal of the front of the head is concerned.

This may be brushed severely back from the face, parted in the centre or at one side, worn with a fringe or a love lock in the centre of the brow. And one and all are possible with an "Ultima" transformation, M. Emile's wide-famed speciality. To fully appreciate what this gifted *coiffeur* has achieved it is necessary to look back to the old-time transformations, ugly, obvious, and heavy contraptions that almost invariably aged every face they surmounted. Whereas the "Ultima" is as light as the other was heavy, and as natural as though growing on the head itself, and has quite the reverse effect.

"ULTIMA"
This is a natural transformation which is certainly not to be found anywhere but at Emile's, of Conduit Street. It is perfect in every way, and is supremely natural

Who for a moment would suspect the adjoined illustration of an "Ultima" transformation to be an added accessory? The centre parting is nature's own—a fine test—a brow band adding to its youthful attractions. The supporting frame is feather weight, and thoroughly ventilated, an especially ingenious contrivance ensuring the shape of the head being retained.

It is not, perhaps, as generally known as it should be that Emile is always pleased to send the "Ultima," together with other goods, on approbation, while his method of extended payments is finding the appreciation it well deserves, and is being made the most of by those of straitened purses. A fully illustrated catalogue can be had on application at 24-25, Conduit Street.

The Latest Knitted Sports Coats

TO Scotland, that home of wool, we all look for the last word in woolly garments, and at Jenner's, of Edinburgh, we naturally find it materialised in sports coats, sweaters jumpers, dresses, and nowadays the indispensable sports suit. Where the latter are concerned the eye falls covetously on the "Tarbet," a suit of fine ribbed wool, the skirt knitted with stripes in a contrasting colour, that is repeated in a warm, folding-over collar and sleeve trimming on the belted coat. And Jenner's price for this eminently desirable sports possession is only £5 19*s.* 6*d.*

Perfection for tennis is a skirt and jumper of fine quality alpaca wool, the latter having a V neck, close fitting cuffs, and a sash, while the skirt is arranged sufficiently full for easy movement. The range of colours in this include a most seductive wheat shade, fawn, brown and white.

In woollies, however, there is, perhaps, no more invaluable possession than a cardigan, and of these Jenners have always made a great speciality. The "Balloch," illustrated, is a case in point; built of fine cashmere with contrasting borders round neck, fronts, bottom of coat, and pockets, it may be worn either with or without the narrow girdle, and full value is represented at 63*s.* Another is the "Westray," of real Shetland wool, very light in weight and yet warm, and thin enough to be worn comfortably under another coat.

(*Continued on page* viii)

THE "BALLOCH"
A neat cardigan sports coat of pure cashmere with a contrasting border around the neck and front, on the pockets, and round the bottom of the coat. It is supplied in many colours
Sketched at Jenner's

A DISTINCTIVE BLOUSE
An ivory jap shirt in heavy quality silk, well-tailored, and with a very smart collar finished with a large pearl button, which is very moderately priced at 23s. 6d.
Sketched at Robinson and Cleaver's

1822 1922

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ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF HAT MAKING

By Appointment
To His Majesty the King & H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

"The ZOE"
(Regd.)

A smart Pull-on Hat of New Canvas Straw, the rain having no deleterious effect on it.

Absolutely flexible and very light in weight.

Stocked in Rust, Biscuit, Cherry, Brown, Navy, Black, and White.

Price 29/6

A selection of Hats will be forwarded upon request.

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No. 4434 Patent One-Bar Twin Button Shoe. Made also in Suède.

Fourteen hours every day you wear shoes.

IT is certain, then, shoes are worthy of consideration, and still more certain that you require from a shoe more than merely good appearance. You want, primarily, comfort; secondly, service; and thirdly, distinction. All three are provided in Portland, justly termed a Shoe of Quality. Prices will suit you

Ask for Portland by name at your shoe shop.

Portland
A SHOE OF QUALITY

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In case of difficulty write to the manufacturers:
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Gorringes

Splendid Values in Men's Sports Wear

POST ORDERS should be accompanied by remittance, or usual trade reference.

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New Combination Sports Shirt
(as sketch)

New Sports Garment, combining Tennis Shirt and Knee Shorts. This ideal sports garment will not ruck up and allows perfect freedom of movement. Stocked to fit short, medium or tall men.

In Cream Cotton Taffeta **10/6** — In Cream Union Ceylon Flannel, unshrinkable **17/6** — In Fine All-Wool Taffeta **25/-**

TENNIS SHIRTS.

Cream Union Flannel, with polo collar attached, unshrinkable **14/6**
White Mercerised Twill, will wash, wear and look like silk **10/6**
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SWEATERS.

Best Scotch make, plain stitch, with polo, stand collar or open neck. 36, 38 or 40 in. chest **17/9**
Larger sizes, 1/- extra.

AERTEX UNDERWEAR

for sports wear, delightfully light and cool.

White light weight vests **5/-**
White light weight Trunk Drawers **5/6**
Combinations with Trunk Drawers **9/-**

SPORTS HOSE

The "Gradient" Golf Hose, New shades of Light Lovat, Grey or Fawn, medium weight legs, with thin feet **10/6**
New fancy mixtures, best Scotch make **12/6 & 16/6**

THE 'ELECTRIC' GOLF COAT

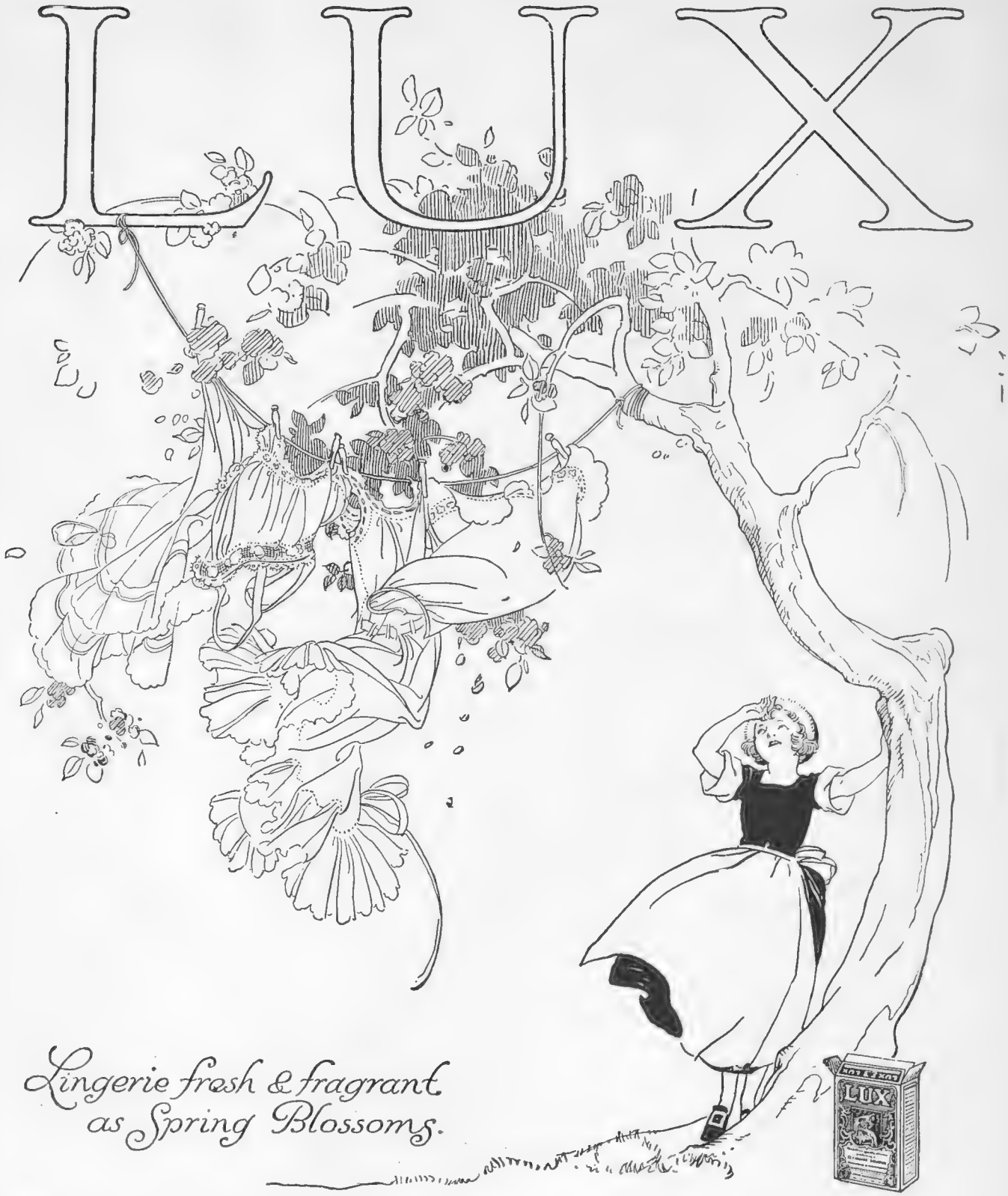
(As sketch) perfect in comfort and fit. In fine All Wool Stockinette, improved Norfolk shape, half belt and button pockets. 38, 40, 42 in. chest. **42/-**
44 in. chest 3/- extra.

Loose Cardigan shape, no belt or lapel, same quality and finish. 38, 40, 42 in. chest. **26/6**
44 in. 3/- extra.

Colours: Grey, Heather, Lovat, or Brown.

FREDERICK GORRINGE Ltd., Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1.

LUX



Lingerie fresh & fragrant as Spring Blossoms.

NATURE clothes herself in a delightful mantle at this season of the year, and ladies' spring-time garments echo nature's charm and freshness. To every lover of beautiful lingerie, LUX has a special appeal. It is ideal in every way for washing delicate and dainty fabrics. LUX makes lingerie delightfully sweet and fresh, and keeps flannels and woollens soft, fleecy, and unshrunken. LUX is easy to use and certain to please. It will not harm a silken thread.

PACKETS (TWO SIZES) MAY BE OBTAINED EVERYWHERE.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

Lx 243a—34

Featherweight Sports Hat

"Cecil"

Exceptional Value,

PRICE **15/-**

Jenner's speciality. Fine quality feather-weight Felt Hat, very flexible, can be rolled like a panama. Specially suitable for travelling or sports wear. Colours—cinnamon, nutria, pearl grey, slate grey, drab, daffodil, purple, golden brown, beaver brown, new blue, champagne, coffee brown, silver grey, squirrel, putty, old gold, light fawn, white and black. Stocked in sizes 6½ to 7½

Jenner's pay carriage.

Illustrated Catalogue of Inexpensive Millinery sent on request.

JENNER'S
PRINCES·STREET
EDINBURGH

Harrods

Bead-Trimmed Jumpers

Daily from Paris come new and ever more charming variations of the Jumper theme; and not least lovely are the newest bead-trimmed styles. Harrods have a wonderful selection. Come and see!

Jumper Salon is on Harrods First Floor.

'Carlton'

A French Jumper of new design in fine quality Georgette, beautifully beaded. The elastic on the hips gives the necessary fullness without detracting from the straight line at front and back. In navy with crystal and black beads, black/crystal and black, black/all black, champagne/crystal and red, nigger/crystal and copper, or royal/crystal and black. 84/-

HARRODS LTD LONDON SW1

Spring Fashions

LOTUS
Women's Style
No. 157
Nigger Weilda Calf
2" Louis Heel
50/-

Spring beckons to beauty. It conjures beautiful flowers out of the earth, bright colours out of the sky, and it furnishes the occasion for new and beautiful styles in footwear. Among the recent additions to the Lotus and Delta range there are some extremely fine examples of artistic shoe designs. The slashed front of Lotus 157, illustrated on this page, renders it ultra-smart, while retaining all the advantages of a laced Oxford shoe.

Look in Lotus Agency windows for the new styles

Lotus & Delta

LOTUS LTD. STAFFORD

UNIVERSAL HAIR CO

ESTABLISHED 1895.

WEST END BRANCH—1, BERNERS ST., OXFORD ST., W.1 (Opposite Bourne & Hollingsworth's)

TRANSFORMATIONS

LIGHT GREY AND SPECIAL SHADES EXTRA.

ANY DESIGN TO ORDER.

PRICE ACCORDING TO QUANTITY OF HAIR,

97/6, 72/9 & 50/9

WITH NATURAL SKIN PARTING,

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TOUPETS,

WITH NATURAL SKIN PARTING,

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Every description of Ornamental Hairwork Undertaken and carefully and promptly executed.

SWITCHES OF PURE HUMAN HAIR.

16 in.,	5/9	22 in.,	15/9
18 in.,	8/9	24 in.,	22/9
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28 in., 37/9.

Any length to order.

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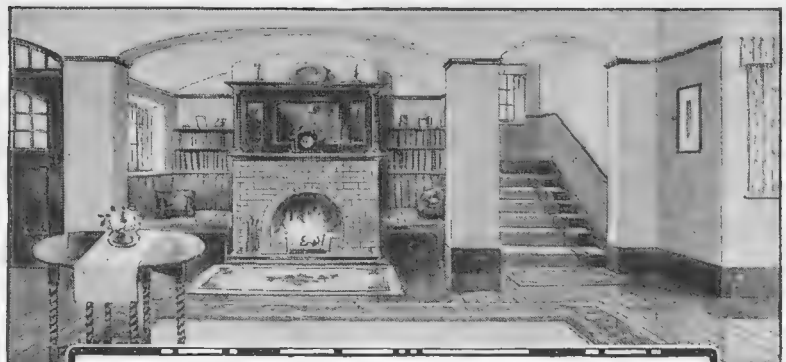

A change for the better!

HALL'S DISTEMPER

This decoration excels in combining brightness with perfect cleanliness; in making rooms beautiful, yet cosy and comfortable. Hall's Distemper further excels in cleanliness and economy.

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By Appointment to H.M. The King.

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19a

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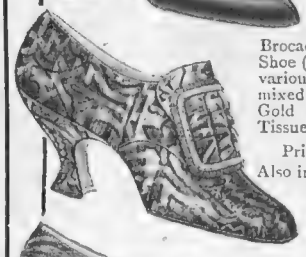
Embroidered Satin Shoe (as sketch) in Brown and White, embroidered Gold beads, also plain Satin.
Price **59/6**



Brocade Langtry Shoe (as sketch) in various colours, all mixed colours, Gold and Silver Tissue.
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Also in Black Brocade and Black Satin
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Fashionable Shoe (as sketch) in all colour Brocade, Gold and Silver Tinsel, Bronze Kid and Patent.
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Black Satin Court Shoe (as sketch) Louis XV heel.
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Also with a peak tongue.
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Sent on Approval.

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Post them to WILL R. ROSE. He does them best, and only charges for successful exposures.
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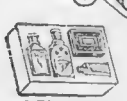
From all high-class Chemists, Drapers & Stores

Roger & Gallet



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STICKS, in Enamelled Metal Case 3/-
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How often the sweet fragrance of flowers unlocks memory's chamber and brings back dear thoughts of other days. Like the fragrance of the actual flowers, Zenobia Lily of the Valley means to many women treasured memories—of the dance, the party, the *tête-à-tête*. This exquisite perfume is wonderfully true to the very breath of the tender flowers at their moment of perfect freshness.

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Zenobia Ltd., Manufacturing Perfumers, Loughborough.

Obtain full pleasure from all your leisure by smoking

MURRAY'S

MELLOW MIXTURE Cigarettes

10 for 6d. 20 for 1/-

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LINEN FACED COLLARS

Our large range includes the latest shapes as well as all the ever-popular shapes. Illustrated is Shape "Box" 1¾ and 2 ins. deep.

CASTLE Quality, faced with pure Irish linen, Each *1/3*

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Collars made to order, any shape or size. Not less than one dozen. Extra cost 2/6 dozen.

All our collars are FACED WITH PURE IRISH LINEN, thus assuring long service and retention of snow-white appearance, even after repeated washings. Cut by experts, and fit with perfect comfort, and moderate in price. Write for illustrated Collar Catalogue No. 44T, sent post free.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER
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VICKERY'S popular WRISTLETS

SPLENDID FOR

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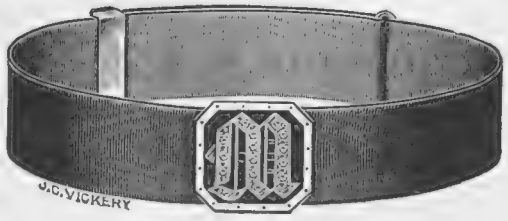

Any Initial in Diamonds in

Enamel Border ... ... only **£3 18 6**
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Also with **Diamond** Flying Duck, Pheasant, Aberdeen Terrier, Foxhead or "Lucky Spider" **£5 15 0**

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Single Number **£5 18 6** Double Number **£9 9 0**

With 15ct Gold "Owl" **57/6**, Rabbit **53/6**, Pheasant or Chick **63/-**, "Lucky Pig" **55/-**,

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Silversmith etc. to H.M. the King
Jeweller to H.M. the Queen
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COMFORT & SAFETY for the Child

COMPLETE SATISFACTION for the Parent.

Jaeger Pure Wool CS UNDERWEAR is a really first-class article at a popular price.

It is specially suitable for children's wear, and is replaced if shrunk.

Bodice Petticoat
Edged Silk Shell Stitching.
17" length **8/6**
to
27" length **13/6**

For Bodices, Vests, Drawers, Staybands, Nightdresses, etc. See the New JAEGER Underwear List.

JAEGER
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TWICE the wear is certain in Bayside Shoes. Their Soles of genuine motor tyre rubber are tougher and last longer. More resilient and flexible than any other make of sole.

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Bayside
TENNIS SHOES

Ask for Baysides for the seaside, the river, the tennis courts. Stylish and smart.

EQUALLY smart and exceptionally durable are Hardkort Shoes, made specially for hard courts and rough wear. Thicker soles, with felt cushion and insulated sock lining.

HOOD
Hardkort
TENNIS SHOES

Prices:

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Gentlemen's - 8/6
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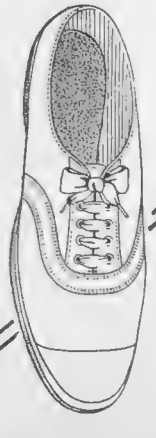
HARDKORT.
From
Gentlemen's - 17/6
Ladies' - - 15/6

If any difficulty in obtaining these shoes, write us for name of nearest retailer.



HOOD RUBBER CO., LTD.
(C. W. Randall & Co., Ltd.)
141, High Street, Shoreditch, E.1.

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

The Tailor-Made Shirt

THOSE in any doubt where they can ensure perfection of cut, fit, and finish in this classical possession have merely to write for Robinson and Cleaver's catalogue, where, on pages 4 and 5, they will find a selection that is unsurpassed in value. Illustrated on page 204 is an ivory jap silk, well tailored, with smart, perfectly fitting collar, the fronts closing with one large pearl button, that the firm have brought out at the very accessible price of 23*s.* 6*d.*, a similar style in cream jap spun silk costing only one guinea.

Older women will especially appreciate a like neat tailored style that is effected in black crêpe de Chine, at 21*s.* 6*d.*, or, with the high collar now so much in vogue, at 27*s.* 6*d.* Extraordinary value, again, is manifest in a striped zephyr shirt arranged with an adaptable collar to be worn open or closed. Striped with heliotrope, saxe, pink, brown, or black on a white ground, this represents an amazing offer at 8*s.* 11*d.*, other items of interest in this lavishly illustrated catalogue including *recherché* lingerie, knitted goods, handkerchiefs, and some special values in bed linen. It is in every way well worth perusal.

A Triumph of Ingenuity

YOU see pictured a suit that has caused, and is likely to continue to cause, a considerable amount of attention. This made its first bow in New York, and the firm responsible for the idea of this convertible sports suit is that of William Hollins and Co., Newgate Street, E.C.

Consequently, it is scarcely surprising to learn that it is built of heavy-weight Viyella cloth, which can be had in such an infinite variety of plaids, checks, stripes, and tartans. As will be gathered from the picture, the suit comprises knickers, coat, and skirt, the latter of which can be slipped off and used as a cape, a capital method for such sport as fishing, climbing, shooting, and the like, and exceedingly attractive in either aspect.

A CONVERTIBLE SPORTS SUIT

This illustrates three forms of one suit, the new "Viyella" convertible sports suit. The skirt slips off and can be used as a cape, as shown, or temporarily discarded. It is carried out in heavy-weight "Viyella" in checks, plaids, heathers, stripes, plain cream or clan tartans

Motor Tours

The Northern Railway of France are from Easter recommencing automobile tours in the forests of Chantilly and Compiègne. These trips take place on all Sundays and holidays up to Whitsun, and for the rest of the summer on Sundays, Thursdays, and Public Holidays. Through tickets are issued for the train and motor journey from the Gare du Nord, Paris, at very reasonable prices, the cost of a first-class ticket for the Chantilly trip being Fr. 36-65, and that for Compiègne Fr. 68-90.

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W
By Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain

Mascots

COMPARISONS.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

COMPARISONS are not odious, they are illuminating.

To-day the community is so taxed to the hilt that however large or small an income may be it remains a problem to make both ends meet. Therefore it becomes essential to compare very carefully the varying prices and values of the commodities of life.

The disgusting fact which destroys one's faith in human nature is that, whilst in most instances prices since 1914 have soared to giddy avaricious heights, quality has degenerated to a deplorable level of inferiority. Anything will do for the much-abused public. "It's your money we want" is the ruling principle, "and damn your esteem."

For 12s. 6d. one is conceded a bottle of poisonous whisky, the only virtue of which is that it is conducive to vicious writing. Gone is the mellow 4s. spirit of pre-war days and its inconsequent mellifluous inspiration. And for the insignificant sum of 1s. a Bolshevik laundress will vengefully tear one's soft and innocent shirt to shreds. And the light of our dimmed lives is reflected by safety matches which have blazoned up from 1½d. to 10d. a dozen.

Craftsmanship and efficiency in production are fast disappearing. But though equity in value is now almost a forgotten virtue, it is still the guiding principle of this House. *Pope and Bradley's standard of quality, irrespective of the market, has never been reduced, and only the best materials in the world are stocked.*

The minimum price for a Pope and Bradley lounge suit is nine guineas, and it is utterly impossible to produce a West End lounge suit of the best material under this figure. This price yields an infinitesimal and frankly inadequate profit. If suits are offered below this figure it can only mean that second-rate materials are used and second-class craftsmen are employed. The cost alone will prove this statement.

The minimum price for an overcoat is seven guineas, and this price is based again on a bare minimum of profit. Really well-made clothes of the best materials represent a sound economy, and a Pope and Bradley suit or overcoat will last for years and certainly outlive the life of any three of the cheaper productions, which, in order to be cheaper, are necessarily made of inferior materials. That is one of the secrets of the reputation of the House. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Overcoats from £7 7s. Riding Breeches from £4 4s.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
& at ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

Have YOU tried one?

The City de Luxe Pipe, sold all over the world, is made and guaranteed by the makers of the famous GBD and costs **5/6.**
Ask your tobacconist for City de Luxe Catalogue and a copy of "Pipe Wisdom."

City de Luxe

Shape No. 700. T.

The favourite Bulldog Shape with taper mouthpiece.

MADE IN 101 SHAPES

City de Luxe 5/6 (Special Shapes, Prince and Army, Silver Mounted, 6/6)
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Trade Enquiries to
38, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.2
(Established 1860.)

OPPENHEIMER'S
PIPES WITH A PEDIGREE

Chivers' Jellies

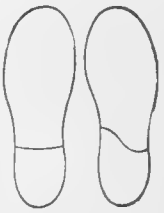
Flavoured with ripe Fruit Juices

CHIVERS & SONS, LTD.,
THE ORCHARD FACTORY, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE

Where Should a Child's Shoe Bend?

TAKE any ordinary child's shoe and see where it bends. All the way from the toe down to the beginning of the heel. Don't you see that there is no support for the instep? For if a child's instep is to develop as it should, it needs a little support for the first ten years of its life.

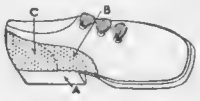
It does not need much, it does not involve anything clumsy or unsightly, any appliance or addition. For in Start-Rite shoes the problem is solved by just a little extension of the inside of the heel and of the ordinary leather stiffener to support the instep.



Compare these two shoes. See how the Start-Rite (on the right) has a heel that gives real support to the foot.

This makes a shoe just as light and easy as the ordinary sort, but so much more comfortable, so much less tiring for little feet, and so very much better for their development.

For these two features provide support just where it is needed, giving a firm foundation that resists the tendency always present in little feet and ankles to bend over on the inside. It prevents flat foot and aids the development of a natural graceful instep.



This diagram indicates the extension of the ordinary leather stiffener you can feel in any shoe. The little extension prevents the instep dropping.

The Start-Rite shoe or boot is so called because if you start your children right they will grow up right—prevention is better than cure.

START-RITE
Patented.

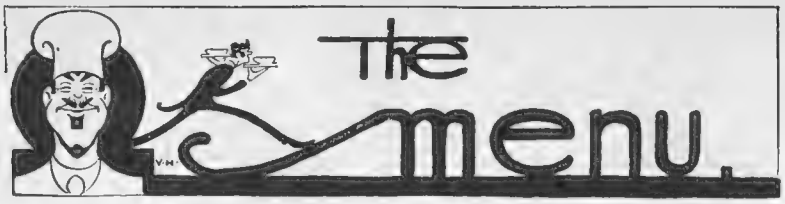
Boots and Shoes for Children.

If your shoemaker does not yet stock Start-Rite boots and shoes, send a card and we will tell you the name of our nearest agents.

JAMES SOUTHALL & COMPANY, LTD.,
NORWICH,

Famous for Fine Footwear since 1792.

St. James's 12.



AN EASTERTIDE DINNER

TOMATO SOUP
BOILED SALMON AND SAUCE TARTARE
CASSOLETTES À LA FLORENTINE
STEWED CHICKEN WITH OLIVES
NEW POTATOES CHICORY SALAD
PINEAPPLE SPONGE
CHEESE AND TOMATO TOAST

Tomato Soup

Boil 1 lb. of tomatoes in a pint of water. When cooked, squeeze (with the water) through a sieve. Put 2 ozs. of butter in a saucepan; when melted add a tablespoonful of flour. Stir till well blended, then gradually add the tomato pulp and three-quarters of a pint of milk. Mix well and boil all up together, and add a tablespoonful of Worcester sauce. The soup should be of the consistency of cream.

Boiled Salmon and Sauce Tartare

Put the salmon in the stew-pan with enough boiling salted water to cover it, add a little vinegar and simmer gently till the fish is done. Garnish with cut slices of lemon and parsley, and serve with Sauce Tartare. SAUCE TARTARE: Beat up the yolks of two eggs, add a pinch of salt, pepper, and a tablespoonful of Tarragon vinegar. When well mixed stir in a teaspoonful of made mustard, the same of finely chopped parsley and some capers, chopped small.

Cassolettes à la Florentine

Fill some little cases with minced lamb which has been stirred into a good sauce, and on the top of each pile a purée of vegetables. The purée may be of one vegetable only or of several of different colours, such as turnip, carrot, and tomato—all cut into small dice and put on the top. A small tin of peas (petits pois) would look attractive.

Stewed Chicken with Olives

Cut a chicken into joints, fry them in butter in a sauté-pan; add a minced onion and let cook a few minutes, then put in the pan some well-seasoned brown sauce, add a dessertspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, cover the pan and cook for thirty-five minutes; about fifteen minutes before serving add twenty stuffed olives and dish up on a croûton of fried bread. Pour the sauce round and serve.

Green Chicory Salad

This salad should be used alone and served with the following dressing: For four people—A half-teaspoonful of salt and the same of pepper, a tablespoonful of wine-vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of salad oil. Mix well together, and stir into the chicory, just before sending to table.

Pineapple Sponge (Cold)

Half a pint of grated pineapple, ½ oz. of leaf gelatine, one tablespoonful of sherry, one tablespoonful of lemon-juice, 2 ozs. of sugar, and the whites of two eggs. Dissolve the gelatine in the lemon-juice and a little water, then put it into a saucepan with the pineapple and sugar, and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Leave it to cool, first adding the sherry and, when almost cold, the whipped whites of the eggs, and pour into a mould to set. This sweet can be made with tinned pineapple.

Cheese and Tomato Toast

Rub one large ripe tomato through a sieve. Grate 2 oz. of cheese, add a little cream or yolk of egg, a pinch of salt, sugar, and pepper. Make it very hot, and serve on neat rounds of toast.

EMILIA

EAT MORE SALADS

—but never—never—without

GOODALL'S SALAD CREAM

WHEN you are making a salad, you can either *hope* for it to be a good one or you can make *sure* it will be exactly *right*. The one thing needed to make the difference is GOODALL'S SALAD CREAM.

To make that warm-weather joy, a perfect salad, you just take young, tender, crisp lettuce, a little mustard and cress, wafer-thin slices of tomato and cucumber, a Spring onion or two—and then, to blend the varied flavours, into a faultless, harmonious whole, pour over a few spoonfuls of GOODALL'S Salad Cream.

Every day serve a heaping bowl of salad—

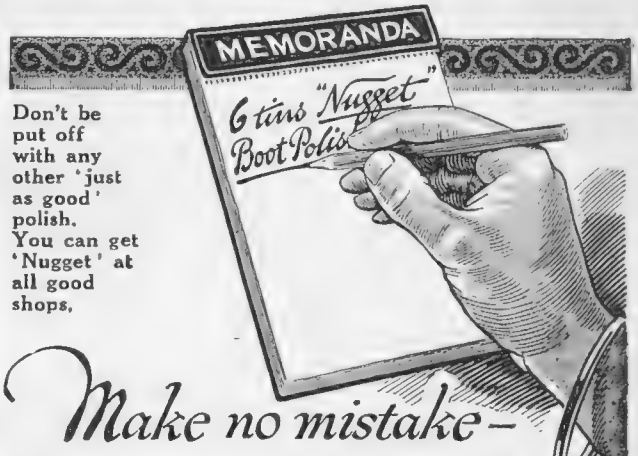
IN a few years, when the World is wiser, everybody will have salads every meal. But why not let *your* family have the big benefit of salads *now* and throughout the season? Pure blood, glowing health, rose-leaf complexions will be your reward

Remember that Goodall's Salad Cream is as vital with salads as salt with an egg, or Yorkshire Relish with cold meat. So never—never risk serving a salad without the essential addition of Goodall's Salad Cream.

Buy it from any good grocer at reduced 1922 prices. If yours hasn't it please send us his name and we will tell you of a grocer in your district who has a supply.

GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & CO., LEEDS

J.H.P. 3.



Don't be put off with any other 'just as good' polish. You can get 'Nugget' at all good shops.

Make no mistake— insist on getting

"NUGGET"
BOOT POLISH

WHY 'NUGGET'? Because by *specifying* it on your order you make absolutely certain of getting the polish which gives a *quick* shine—a *lasting* shine—a *waterproof* shine.

'Nugget' is made in the following colours: Black, Brown (Tan), Dark Brown, Toney Red, and White for Patent Leather. It is sold everywhere in tins at 4d. and 6d. The 'Nugget' Outfit should be in every home. Sold everywhere, in metal case, at 2/6.

No. 810 C.F.H.

Booth's

The ONLY MATURED *Gin*

"The very best"

Bonded for many years, Booth's Gin acquires a delicacy of flavour and aroma, a peculiar and pleasing softness which is unique.

It makes a splendid drink, both for winter and summer.

Booth's Distillery, Ltd.

EXCLUSIVE MILLINERY

EXCLUSIVE TURBAN (as sketch) of fine quality liseret straw, trimmed ciré coque mount. In black only.

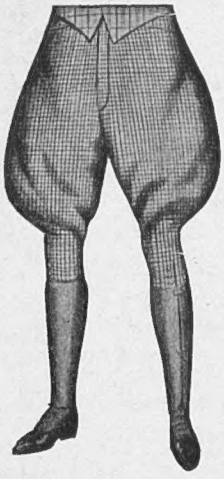
PRICE *4½ Gns.*

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY
(DEBENHAMS LTD.)
WIGMORE STREET (CAVENDISH SQUARE) LONDON, W. 1.

Tel: 52 Broxbourne **LT.-COL. RICHARDSON'S AIREDALES**

SPECIALLY TRAINED AGAINST **BURGLARS** for **LADIES' GUARDS**
From **10 Gns.** PUPS **7 Gns.**
Wormley Hill, Broxbourne, Herts
30 mins. from Liverpool Street

RIDING BREECHES



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Bedford Cords
Corduroy
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TWEEDS

Patterns & Easy Self-Measurement Form per return post.

LOUNGE SUITS
From **7** GUINEAS

ESTABLISHED 1844 *TELEPHONE 1689 Museum*

Tailors **FREDK. POOLE & CO.** *Breeches Makers*
219, Oxford St., London, W. 1

Highland as the Heather.

"Argyll" Sports Hose

——a superb Scotch-knit stocking that has no superior for looks, shapeliness and stout wear resistance. **25/-**

"Argyll" Half-Hose in same design and of same outstanding merit. Price **10/6**

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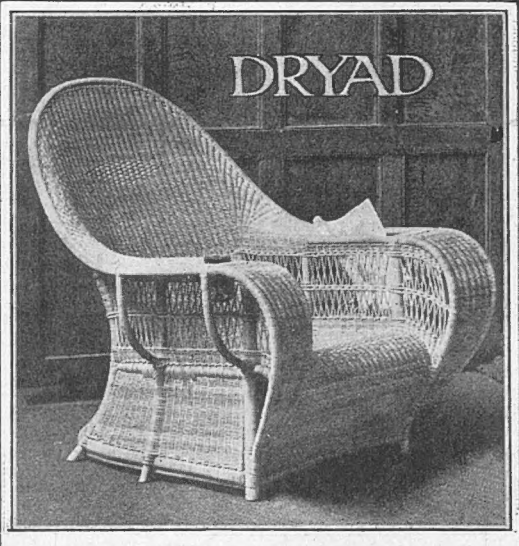

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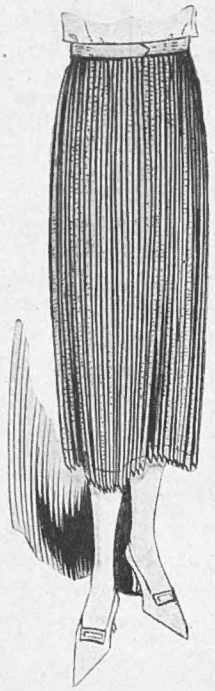

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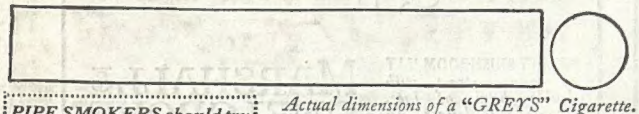

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Sold throughout the world, suitably packed for every climate.

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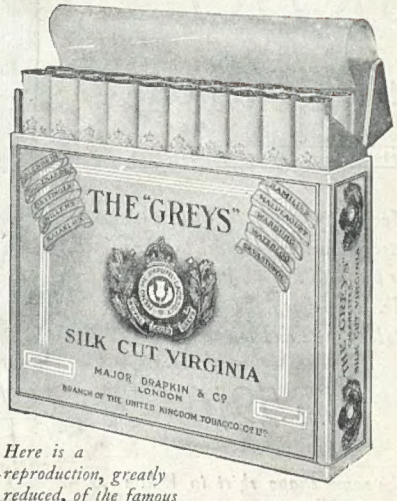

Here is a reproduction, greatly reduced, of the famous pale green box of 20 "GREYS"

Printed for the Proprietors, GRAPHIC PUBLICATIONS, LIMITED, by Messrs. W. H. SMITH & SON, The Arden Press, Stamford Street, London, S.E.8 and published weekly by GRAPHIC PUBLICATIONS, LIMITED, at Graphic Buildings, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4.—April 19, 1922.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.